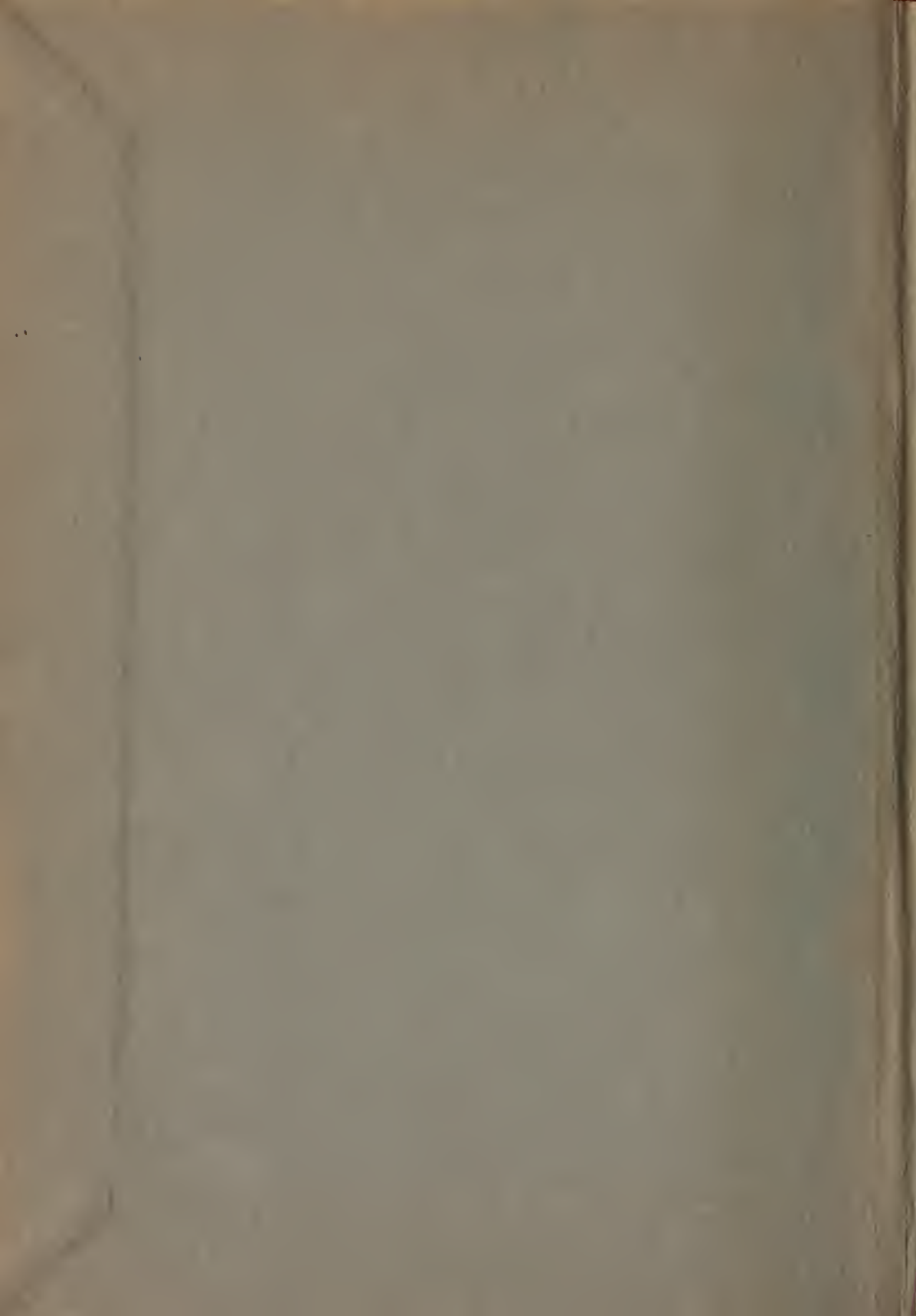
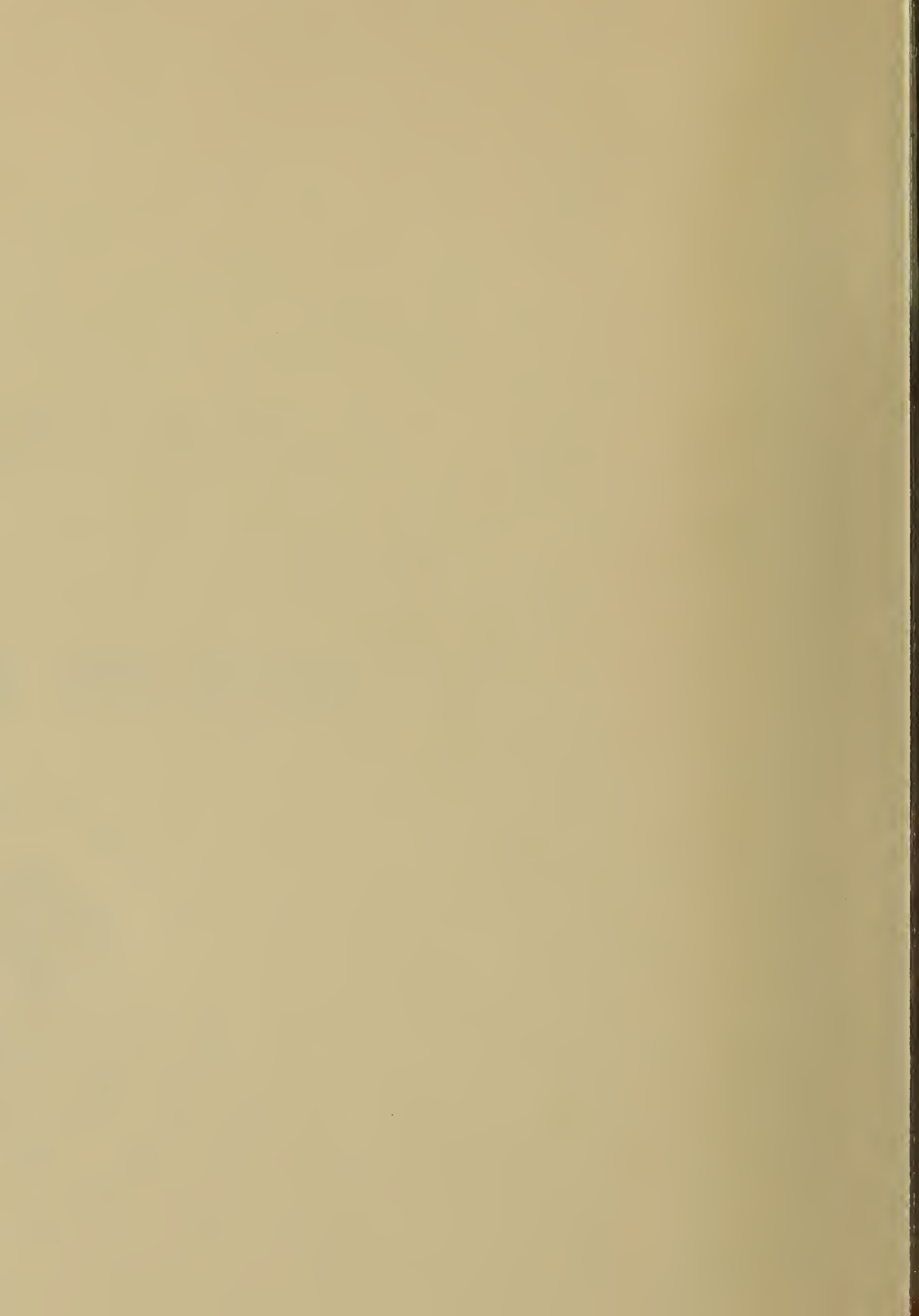






the

LINK

June 1965

CATHEDRAL AMONG THE REDWOODS

· STORY-TELLING STATESMAN FROM ARKANSAS

DISCIPLESHIP AND POSSESSIONS

25¢

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL







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Front: "A rose is a rose is a rose." Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.
Back: That parent is fortunate who has a fisherman like this. Photo by Marion Duckworth.

Inside Front: "Marriage is that relation between man and woman in which the independence is equal, the dependence mutual, and the obligation reciprocal."—L. K. Anspacher. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Back: Sunlight and shadows on Long Lake in Northern Wisconsin, near Phelps. Photo by Louis C. Williams.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by Jim Talone.

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—LTJG Philip H. Johnson, USS *Bainbridge*, FPO, New York, N.Y.

Wonderful Magazine

Due to the closing of the Domiciliary here, please remove our name from your mailing list to receive THE LINK. We appreciate your sending this wonderful magazine to us for distribution to the veterans here during the past years. It was a great help to many men.

—W. Park Smith, Chaplain, V.A. Domiciliary, Thomasville, Ga.

I Love God

I would like you to send me THE LINK for a year. I was a sinner up to a very few weeks ago. But I love God and I want to live a joyful, happy life for him and do his will. I think THE LINK is very interesting and helpful.

—A/3C Jimmie L. Williams, Box 98, Bandette Air Force Station, Minn. 56623 (A.F. 15687604)

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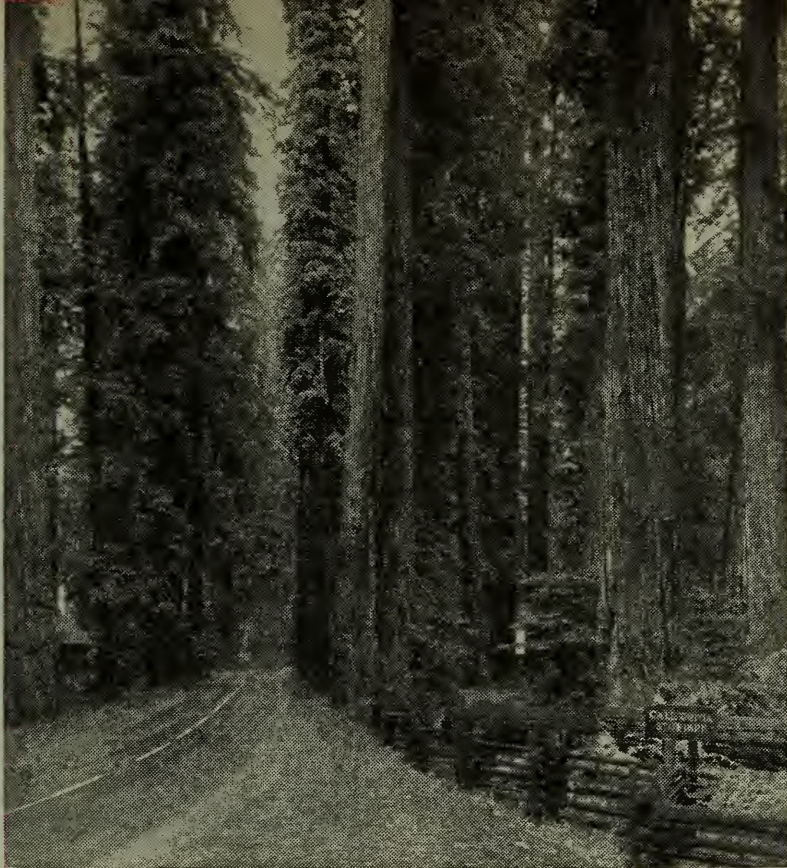
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Highway winds through giant redwoods in California Park.

Cathedral Among the Redwoods

By Aubrey B. Haines

IMAGINE something 4,000 years old! That is equal to 57 lifetimes of a person who lives until 70. Let me tell you of a place where you can see such a marvel of longevity. It is the Redwood Empire located in the fog belt of the Coast Range on the

Pacific Ocean side of the mountains from southwestern Oregon to Santa Barbara County. In fact, the Empire extends through nine counties—eight in Northern California and one in Southern Oregon. The belt averages 20 miles wide and 450 miles

long. Here flourish more than 97 percent of all the redwoods left on earth.

Some of the redwoods grow to a height of more than 350 feet, with a diameter of 20 feet. Often a single tree contains enough lumber to build 22 average-sized houses! The Empire is a wonderful place to spend a vacation; you'll find yourself in wonderland. Many groves have been set aside as public parks, dedicated to conservation and man's enjoyment.

To see the California Redwoods, it is not enough to drive through them by automobile. Nor are all the redwoods equally impressive. The trees in the Muir Woods National Monument in Marin County, north of the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco, do not give you an impression of gigantic girth.

You get the feeling of gigantic size, however, among the sequoias. Both the redwood and the giant sequoia belong to the same family. The sequoias were so named in honor of Chief Sequoyah, a Cherokee Indian who invented an alphabet for his language in 1821. The sequoias grow only in California, on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Standing at elevations of from 5,000 to 8,000 feet above sea level, most of them are in a few scattered groves in Sequoia, Yosemite, and King's Canyon National Parks.

Individual trees have attracted world attention. One is the Chandelier Tree, with an opening in its base large enough to drive your automobile through. Four miles north of this tree is one 250 feet tall with a hollow in its base once used as a



The famous Chandelier Tree with the drive-through opening at its base, grows in the Redwood Empire. The tunnel, 8-feet wide at the bottom, 7-feet wide at the top, is large enough to accommodate an automobile easily. Hard-surface highways give access at all times of the year.

bunkhouse by roadbuilders. The tallest tree in the world is Founder's Tree—near Dyersville, California—which is 364 feet high! The General Sherman Tree, preserved in Sequoia National Park, is so huge that a man could lie crosswise on one of its branches, seven feet in diameter. The main trunk would furnish more than a half-million board feet of lum-

ber, or enough to build 40 five-room houses! The Grizzly Giant, in Mariposa Grove, Yosemite National Park, is believed to be 3,800 years old.

To appreciate the redwoods best, do not drive through them rapidly but park the car, get out, and walk beneath their gigantic boughs. Thus you may experience their wonder firsthand.

THE world boasts many ancient, gigantic cathedrals of impressive architecture, but the cathedral of redwoods is the creation not of man but of God. Here under the open sky God seems nearest to man in the natural surroundings of skyscraper trees, cool atmosphere, and serene silence. Take, for instance, the Humboldt Redwoods State Park southeast of Eureka, some 150 miles from the Oregon border. Let us stop twice in it on Sunday—once in the morning and again in the afternoon—to experience walking and meditating among the gigantic trees.

Only the passing of an occasional automobile breaks the utter silence that pervades the place. The inhabitant of a metropolis or even a small town never really knows what silence is like. It is more than a momentary respite in church before the organ begins to play or on a radio or a television program before the station identification is made.

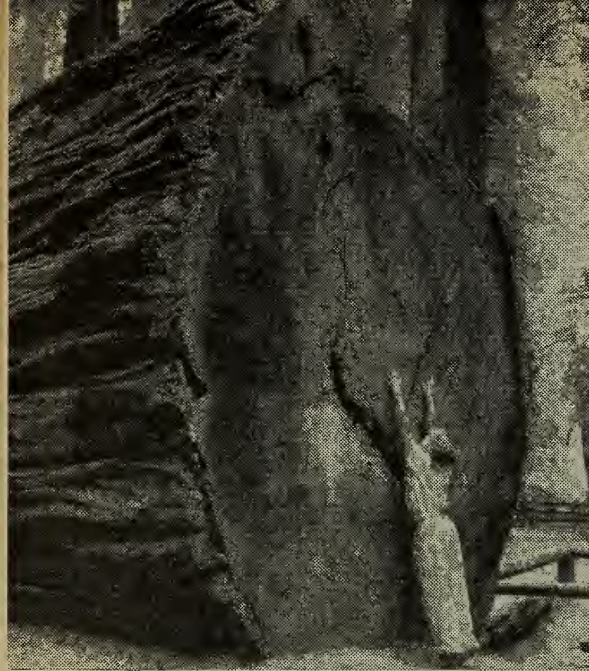
Silence among the California Redwoods is genuinely awe-inspiring. It is total absence from sound, movement, and happening of any kind. Not even in the remote distance can anything be heard. As a result it becomes a genuine religious experi-

ence. This morning we are especially reminded of the words of a psalmist, "Be still, and know that I am God." Such utter silence illustrates that Scriptural text in a way that we have never experienced before.

Everything is silent, still, and seemingly lifeless. Yet we are in the very midst of life itself—amidst teeming longevity, the like of which is not to be found elsewhere on earth. For the redwoods are reputed to be the oldest of living things. Not all the redwoods are the same age. How they were planted, we may not know, but it is likely that some birds may have dropped seeds centuries ago which gave them their beginning.

One speaks of the redwoods not in terms of years but of centuries, for the oldest trees date back to around 4,000 years. We think of Columbus' arrival in the New World as ancient; yet the redwoods were very old and exceedingly tall when Columbus' first men set foot in the Americas. Even when Christ trod ancient Judea, many of the redwoods were growing and were of gigantic girth. The oldest trees date back to the time of Moses or of Abraham.

It is symbolic that they began to grow about the time that the Hebrew-Christian religion originated. Thus our religion and the redwoods give us a sense of continuity with the past. But we do not contemplate their past for long, for the redwoods teach us that the present is our true focus of reality. Among the redwoods we find ourselves in a silent presence that renews our hearts, minds, and spirits.



Tiptoe the boy can span 1,000 years of growth rings on this huge log at Richardson Grove, south of Eureka, Calif. Some trees are 2,000 years old.

No matter how many prejudices or hostilities we may harbor, the awe of the redwoods makes them seem as trivial as they actually are. Hence to walk among the gigantic trees is to cause us to feel recleansed, indeed reborn into the newness of life. Again the words of a psalmist come to mind, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

THE redwoods are more than silence and spiritual renewal; they are also the symbol of light and truth. Mighty cathedrals have stained-glass windows through which pass the sun's rays in exquisite color. Color in the redwoods is the coarse brown bark of the trees and the

green branches of needles high up the trunks. Nevertheless, light is here. A most spectacular sight to witness is a sunburst, in which the straining rays of the sun penetrate the branches and eke their way through despite the close, heavy growth. No two sunbursts are identical; each has its own individual pattern and experience to create.

Snow probably seldom visits these redwoods, for—not being far from the Pacific Ocean—their elevation is not much above sea level. Nevertheless, they are always damp. The ground beneath the ancient trees is never dry, for rain has moistened the heavy undergrowth of ferns and moss that has accumulated over the centuries, and no caretaker has cleaned up the ground beneath the trees. Walk as carefully as you can, you still get your shoes full of loam that has gathered beneath the trees.

Our Sunday-morning experience in the redwood cathedral is one of utter silence, but our afternoon stop is somewhat different. No more automobiles break the silence than have done so that morning, but the serene stillness has given way to a constant buzzing of insect life. We had not noticed insects or heard their whirl of wings this morning, but their sight and sound are much in evidence this afternoon. Thus our second stop in the redwoods is enhanced by a natural symphony.

Fallen trees have lain on the ground for hundreds of years. Yet they are so well preserved that, when taken to the sawmill, they produce excellent lumber. The redwoods have been attacked by insects, fungi, and

fire as have other trees during these centuries. But, with the exception of superficial damage, they have resisted the principal enemies of wood.

Late in the eighteenth century some European explorers and Spanish settlers were the first white men to witness the awe-inspiring California redwood forests. A small group of Russians established a colony in the redwood country about 100 miles north of San Francisco, known as Fort Ross. Here they constructed many buildings hewn from the redwoods. Among these was a church which, though built about 135 years ago, still stands in excellent condition—an example of the durability of these trees.

Almost all the largest redwoods have been broken off at the top by lightning. In youth the branches are slender, the tree is pyramidal in form, and the leaves are needle-like and of a bluish cast. After about 200 years, however, the lower branches begin to drop off, the leaves flatten to scales and change color, and the bark begins to split into ridges and turn from a purple gray to a cinnamon red.

On many redwoods there are round, warlike burls, formed probably by closely crowded buds which continue to grow but rarely send out shoots. These burls have a handsome bird's-eye grain and are used commercially for veneers and for souvenir objects.

It was believed that the big trees are dying out, for few if any seedlings are found in the groves. But the trees fail to establish seedlings only because the surrounding ground

is so thickly littered that the seeds cannot take root, and sunlight is insufficient. When the seeds are given room, sunlight, and a bare, moist soil, they produce strong young trees.

In the autumn the redwood country flames with color. Mother Nature, with paint pot and brush, makes her nightly foray into the forest, adorning trees and shrubs in a galaxy of colors that no human painter can match. The vineyards become a medley of purple, crimson, and gold; the maples assume a warm yellow; and the dogwood takes on a fiery red. The dreaded poison oak displays an incredible beauty, too, with its flaming red branches clinging to somber-hued redwoods against a background of green fir and native pine, lighting up the entire woodland with its brilliance. When in winter most of the states are bedded down under dead grass and blanketed with snow, the Redwood Empire continues to be green.

The true lords of the realm, these giant trees endow the stage with a timeless charm. Today they play their regal role as they did centuries ago and cast a long shadow on the human actors who for a moment appear in their midst, only to make quick exits. Once you are caught in the redwoods' spell, you may not wish to leave this magic realm. When you do, you long to return and try again to identify yourself with the endless stream of time and existence. ■ ■

Some girls fall in love at purse sight.
—Jack Herbert.

Love Songs in the Bible

By W. B. J. Martin

THE English literary critic, John Middleton Murry, once said that a great work of art can be read on three levels: *it is a tale to the simple, a parable to the wise, and a direct revelation of reality to the concerned.*

A Tale to the Simple

The Song of Solomon is certainly a great work of art; it is a literary masterpiece. On the most obvious level it is a tale, a charming if rather frank love story. It appears to concern the human love of a rustic maiden torn away from her village home, and from her shepherd lover, and taken captive to the court of King Solomon. But the luxuries of the palace and the blandishments of the king are powerless to shake her deep affection and loyalty to her own true love. She pours out her soul in grief and longing, and summons up to remembrance the beauty of past moments. And by her fidelity,

puts to question and to shame the lust of the court. At length, the two young lovers are reunited and celebrate their reunion with passionate song. Their delight in each other, and the consciousness of moral victory won over desperate odds, gives tremendous intensity to the expression of their love.

Interspersed with this story are other songs, wedding songs, lyrics concerning meeting and parting, separation and union, courtship and marriage. It seems that what began as a story, has become an anthology of writings, some very old, in praise of human love and faithfulness.

It has been pointed out that the Song of Solomon is the only book in the Bible lacking a religious or national theme, and that in it the name of God occurs only once, and then merely as an epithet. But it has to be remembered that the religion of Israel makes little of the distinctions that we set forth between the sacred

Dr. Martin is the minister of the First Community Church, Dallas 14, Tex.

and the profane, the secular and the spiritual, the physical and the mental. All life is one, and it is all of God's appointment. He is not only concerned with the temple and the synagogue, but with the life of the field and the farm and the home. As one of the old Rabbis has put it, "The shekinah (that is, the presence and glory of God) lies between husband and wife in marriage." If love is His gift, and if human love is inseparable from the physical, then we honor Him when we appropriate and use His gift wisely and well.

It comes as a shock to some over-pious people to discover this frankly sensuous poem at the heart of the Bible. They don't quite know what to do with it. Some, who value its beautiful phrases, extract from it the purple passages and adapt them to "spiritual" use. And there are certainly some wonderful sentences, such as "Until the day breaks and the shadows flee away"; "They made me a keeper of the vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept"; "Terrible as an army with banners"; "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it"—all of which have been wrenched out of context for diverse homiletical purposes! Others, made uncomfortable by the poem as it stands, take the sting out of its sensuousness by allegorizing it. This process of allegorizing began very early. The Jews learned to read the Song as a poetical rendering of the relation between God and the Covenant people. The Christians, like Origen, saw in it a poetical rendering of the relation between Christ and His Church. But

it is a good rule of biblical exegesis to read the text, first, for what it says literally. Allegorization may afterwards reveal deep things missed at first reading, but allegorization that ignores the surface meaning of the text will stand in great danger of perverse subjectivism.

A Parable to the Wise

Every great work of art, says Middleton Murry, is a parable to the wise. The most imaginative Jewish commentators proceeded to read the Song of Solomon as a parable. And they did this, not, as some moderns do, in order to escape the plain meaning, and to avoid coming to grips with the place of the flesh in human love, but because they saw in the celebrations of the flesh a deeper meaning than appears on the surface. They did not *impose* religion upon the poem, and the things which the poem hymns; they did it because religion is already present in the poem, already present where man and maid seek each other's fulfillment in human love. As the modern Hasidim writer, Martin Buber, has said, "To hallow this life is to meet the living God"; and again, "One does not reach God by ignoring the human, but by being truly human."

One cannot be truly human by dismissing the flesh as "dirty," or the sexual act as somehow not quite respectable. On the other hand, one cannot treat the sexual act as if it were a thing in itself. It is always accompanied by, and surrounded by, gestures of affection, protestations of love, sensitiveness to the personality of the other, if it is to be more than

a physical indulgence and release. We human beings cannot be "natural" or casual about sex; we cannot treat it as animals do, because we are more than animals. With us, sex can either be a stepping stone to love, or a descent into sheer bestiality. There is no middle way, because we are creatures who "look before and after, and pine for what is not," because we are capable of, as it were, mixing flesh with spirit, or, more accurately, incarnating the spirit.

A Direct Revelation of Reality to the Concerned

The Song of Solomon is not a devotional poem, a hymn of praise to God; but it is, nevertheless, a religious poem, since it assists the man of faith to use the creatures of God, as the old mystics called God's works, with reverence and godly fear. And perhaps this is the chief value of a scripture like the Song of Solomon in a day like ours, when sex is either tremendously overvalued or else feared and loathed. Its beautiful imagery, its frank sensuousness (and sensuousness is not the same as sensuality! Sensuousness is delight in the senses of touch and smell and sight; sensuality is the exploitation of senses to avoid coming to grips with reality), can help us to dignify and deepen the act of love and make

it a true sacrament. All human experiences, taken at their full depth, are capable of becoming avenues through which God the Creator may reach and enrich us.

But there is another strain in the Song that is worth noting. The maiden did not merely sigh for her shepherd boy, or summon up his physical presence in remembrance: she displayed a passion for liberty, love and loyalty, which became for later generations a help and encouragement in their struggle for national independence and religious liberty. Integrity and completeness within the marriage bond do not stop there: they spread out in ever-widening circles to demand integrity and completeness everywhere. Conversely, people who are not concerned with integrity and loyalty in the larger issues of life, seldom succeed in attaining it within the private sphere. As Canon V. A. Demand has said, "The real success of love and marriage depends as much, if not more, upon what two people think about life and death, about art and religion, about bliss and tragedy, as it does upon their attitude to each other and to love." When two people are utterly at odds, or utterly unconcerned about, the great issues of life, there is little hope that they will make a success of their private lives. ■ ■

QUOTES

The best way to save face is to keep the lower half of it shut.—Gene Yassenak. . . . In the school of experience there is no teacher's pet.—F. G. Kernan. . . . Flattery is the art of telling someone just what they think of themselves.—Jack Herbert.

It Happened

One Morning

By Matt Christopher



FRED awoke with the alarm clock exploding close to his left ear. He pressed the knob on top of the clock, killing the sound instantly, then lay back and stretched.

Sunlight glowed through the white shades, announcing the dawn of a new day, a special day. Permitting his eyes the luxury of a few more moments' rest, he lay there, wiggling his toes and his fingers to stimulate circulation.

The room seemed empty without Jean—empty and hollow. Thank goodness she'd be gone only a few days.

He flung back the covers, got out of bed and rubbed his scalp vigorously. He smiled as he got out a clean pair of socks from the bureau drawer, pulled them on and then slid his feet into slippers.

"Don't forget, Fred," Jean had said last night just before he had left her. "David's clothes are in the top drawer; Tommy's, next to the top. And make sure their ears are clean. And let Tommy take his new pencil box to school. Oh, why did this heir decide on tonight to make his appearance? The night before school starts?"

"Don't worry about them, Jean," he said confidently. "I can handle it."

She looked up at him, her green eyes soft and moist. "It's Tommy I'm concerned about, Fred. He's only six. And it's his first day of school. He'll be scared. It's a new world he's entering. School."

"I know that, Jean. Look, why don't you just relax and think about this new one you're about to bring into the world? Let him—or her—be your sole problem for the next couple of days. Okay?"

HE walked out of the room now, his loose slippers scuffing the floor. Reaching the boys' room he tapped on the door, then pushed it open.

"Okay, boys. Reveille!"

In the twin bed on the right David grumbled and turned, but he didn't open his eyes. Fred expected no difficulty with him. David was eight and in the third grade, old enough not to require constant reminders.

"David! Come on, Son. Up!"

David opened his eyes, riveted them on his father, then placed his hands over his eyes, one upon the other with the fingers spread apart. "Daddy, your hair's a mess!"

Fred glared fiercely through the bar of fingers and tightened his lips, indicating that he wasn't going to tolerate any foolishness.

David seemed to get the message. He flung aside the covers and hopped out of bed.

"Where's my clothes, Daddy?" he said.

Daddy discovers a new world

Fred went to the bureau and opened the top drawer. He took out a pair of pants, an undershirt and underpants, and a pair of socks. He tossed them on David's bed. "There you are," he said, then he directed his attention upon Tommy.

Tommy was beautiful in sleep. Fred felt a tug at his heart. The kid looked too young for school; he didn't seem more than a baby. He hated like the dickens to awaken him, to make him unwrap himself from that warm cocoon, to send him off into a world absolutely new to him.

Funny that the thought just came to him now. It will be a new world for Tommy. A strange world with many new faces. A sometimes ugly, sometimes pretty world.

"Tommy, get up. It's school day."

Tommy's face contorted. A groan bubbled from his throat. He stretched kittenishly, then relaxed, as deep in sleep as he was before.

"Tommy!" Fred shook him now. "Get up, buddy! You've got to go to school!"

The eyes opened, met Fred's. Fred smiled, coyly trying to shield the ache in his breast, an emotion so remote he had not expected it. That proprietary feeling belonged to women. Oh, yeah? he thought. Guess I'm learning something. I've got feelings, too.

He pulled the covers aside and lifted Tommy out of bed. The small body in knit pajamas was warm against him. Fred kissed him on the soft peach-like cheek.



"Take off your pajamas, Tommy," he said, "and I'll get your clothes."

FRED stood him on the bed. Still only half awake, Tommy began unbuttoning the pajamas. Fred got his clothes out of the second drawer,

and proceeded to dress him. He put on his underclothes, then had Tommy sit so he could put on his socks.

Tommy fell, like a rag doll, back upon the bed. The small legs, once so chubby but growing leaner every day, were lifeless.

"Come on, Tommy," said Fred, becoming just a little bit impatient. "Stiffen your legs so that I can get your socks and shoes on."

There was a half-hearted attempt in complying with the request, and Fred managed to put the socks and shoes on.

"Okay, let's wash up, now."

David was in the bathroom, so they had to wait. The boy appeared completely relaxed and in no hurry. This Fred could understand, since David was a school veteran, having had two years of learning behind him. But he did seem to be spending too much time wetting the face cloth and rinsing it before applying it to his face.

"Hurry up, David," said Fred, trying not to let his impatience show. "We haven't got all morning, you know."

"I just got to clean my ears yet," said David.

Several trying seconds went by while David performed that much hated but necessary task. Fred remembered that Jean had said to be sure to check the boys' ears, so he checked David's.

"You pass," he said. "Okay, towel up and get out of here so that I can get Tommy washed."

He washed Tommy, making certain he removed the sleepy "bugs" out of his eyes, as Jean called them, then brushed the boy's hair.

He looked proudly at Tommy, feeling that God had bestowed riches on him and Jean for giving them two good-looking, healthy boys. Yes, three! Counting the newborn member of the clan who had made his

debut last night. Three boys, thought Fred. They had wished this last one would be a girl. Well, perhaps the next time, depending on whether Jean would want to go through with it again.

Want to? Hadn't Jean said she'd have a half a dozen if her health permitted it?

Fred grinned to himself. I should be that lucky to have a wife like her, he thought. A girl dedicated to her profession—housewife and mother. A girl whose duty to her family came before all else. But a worrier. Strictly a worrier.

As, for example, today. What was so difficult about getting the boys off to school? The way she had dictated to him the many things he had to do made it sound as if sending two boys to school was a momentous job.

"Daddy, reach me the cereal," said David.

Fred opened the cupboard doors, brought down the cereal David selected and handed it to the boy. David carried it to the kitchen table where he had placed a spoon.

"Got to have a bowl and the milk, too, Daddy," he said.

MILD anger puffed up inside Fred. He realized, then, that it was impossible for David to have gotten the bowl. But he could have gotten the milk.

"Can't you get the milk?" he said, the anger transcended to his voice. "It's only in the refrigerator."

"Okay," said David, and slid off the chair. It was only a touch of irritation, but it was there, nevertheless. Fred let it subside as he opened

up another cupboard door and got two bowls, one for David, the other for Tommy.

"Now what kind of cereal do *you* want?" he asked his younger son.

Tommy named it, and Fred, opening up the other cupboard door again, brought it down for him. He filled the bowl for Tommy, added sugar, then poured the milk over it.

"Hold it, Daddy!" Tommy cried. "That's almost too much!"

"It'll be all right," said Fred. It had to be all right.

He leaned back against the sink, folded his arms over his chest, and watched his sons devour their breakfast. It was a ritual he seldom witnessed, and somehow he envied Jean for being able to see this every morning.

But they were so *slow*. He looked at the clock. He could practically see the minute hand move.

"Okay," he said. "Wipe your mouths and get your schoolbooks. Hustle up. It's almost time for the bus."

"I want a toast, Daddy," said Tommy.

"A toast!" Fred's voice was a pitch below a shout. "Why didn't you say so in the first place, Tommy? There isn't time now for a toast. The school bus will be coming any minute now. Come on. You're going only half a day, anyway. You won't starve."

Tommy's eyes looked beseechingly up at Fred. Unhappily, he slid off the chair, trotted into the other room with David and picked up his tablet and pencil box. Then he placed a knuckle against his teeth and didn't move.

"Take his hand, David," said Fred. "Help him to the bus."

A ball had emerged from somewhere, and lodged in his throat.

David took Tommy's hand; Tommy yanked it free. Bewildered, David looked up at Fred. What now? his expression asked.

"Tommy," Fred said, crouching before his younger son, "you have to go to school, you know. It isn't bad. You'll meet friends your own age. You'll like it."

Something was wrong. He could sense it. He was saying words that sounded artificial, phony. Unconsciously he was trying to represent someone else and it was impossible. He knew that, now. It was a fruitless task trying to pretend he was someone he wasn't. This was a mother's job sending her boy to school for the first time.

"Please, Tommy," he said as gently as he could. "Take David's hand. Go with him."

Then he remembered something else. "Here," he said, and gave them each a kiss.

Then Tommy took David's hand, and Fred watched them leave the house. A few seconds later the big yellow bus came and carried them away.

Fred took a deep breath and sighed. He noticed that images before him had suddenly become blurred, that the ball in his throat felt ready to burst, and he told himself again that he had learned something.

Tommy was just venturing into a brand new world. He, Fred, had discovered one. ■ ■

Story-Telling Statesman

from Arkansas

By Cyril E. Bryant

He'd rather be right than congressman

THE Ku Klux Klan burned a cross and threatened damage to a church at Bogalusa, Louisiana, when Brooks Hays was announced as speaker at a community-wide discussion on racial problems last January.

The Klan knew—as Washington folks learned long ago—that Hays is a persuasive man. And they knew too that though he is labeled as a political “moderate,” he is an uncompromising advocate of freedom and justice.

Hays, who is sixty-six, has the appearance of a harmless looking fellow. He's five feet 10 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. He's begun to bald a little and there are lines around his eyes and forehead. The whole of his face smiles even to the stranger with a “let's be friends” welcome. But he is armed with a heart of strong Christian convictions, a keen

mind, and a barrellful of humor and folk tales.

His humor is an Abe Lincoln type of anecdotal wit. He talks of his Arkansas home folk and townspeople, and he is not afraid to laugh at himself. Shortly after he moved into the White House as a special assistant to President Kennedy, one hero-worshipping woman fawned, “Oh, Mr. Hays, it must be wonderful working so close to the President. You do see him every day, don't you?” Hays answered honestly, “I feel sorta like the little old lady down in Arkansas. They asked her if she had seen Halley's comet, and she replied, ‘Only from a distance.’”

Another time, according to a modern Washington legend, Hays drove his eight-year-old car to work in the middle of a morning rush hour. “Hey, you, can't you go any faster?” one policeman bellowed at him.



Brooks Hays, left, views the world as a Christian's workshop and has given his career to the exercise of Christian principles in government. He is shown here with his pastor, The Rev. Clarence W. Cranford, and Angier Biddle Duke, then chief of protocol for U.S. State Department.

"Yes, I can, officer," Hays replied, "but I'd hate to leave the old car behind."

Laughter as Hays handles it is a forensic tool, not an end in itself. He uses it to win friends and create an atmosphere wherein issues can be discussed without rancor. "It is important," he says, "that political differences be settled on the basis of reason, not on a basis of political power. We have to build bridges of understanding where men can talk together and work together for their mutual good."

Hays's use of the soft sell approach marks him as a phenomenon in twentieth-century American politics. But there is no doubt as to its ef-

fectiveness. Even Vice-president Hubert Humphrey, a man seldom lacking in words, holds Hays in awe. When the Democratic National Convention's platform committee was struggling in 1952 for a civil rights plank acceptable to both North and South, Senator Mike Monroney suggested that Humphrey, then senator from Minnesota, and Hays, congressman from Arkansas, sit down together and work out the language for a compromise proposal. Humphrey retorted, "I will not let my persuasive friend from the South—as much as I like him—I will not let Brooks Hays dilute my conviction on civil rights." They did meet together however, and their conference re-

sulted in a platform statement that restored unity to the Democratic Party that had been divided by a Dixiecrat split four years before.

Brooks Hays has been in some phase of government since his twenty-third birthday. He was a student at George Washington University Law School then (after having graduated from University of Arkansas) and took a part-time job in the Treasury Department. "I counted twenty dollar bills all week long, and on Saturday they'd let me take one home," he quips.

He served sixteen years in Congress, as Democratic representative from Arkansas. He has been a director of the Tennessee Valley Authority, a member of the U.S. delegation at the United Nations, an Assistant Secretary of State, and Special Assistant to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson.

Right now he's on part-time leave from the White House, commuting to New Brunswick, New Jersey, to lecture on politics in the Eagleton Institute of Rutgers University. President Johnson reluctantly agreed to the division of his time so that Hays—in the President's words—"might share with students his lifetime experiences as a Christian in public service."

The President was referring to the Hays characteristic all Washington has come to respect through the years—the Arkansan is first of all a religious man and church leader.

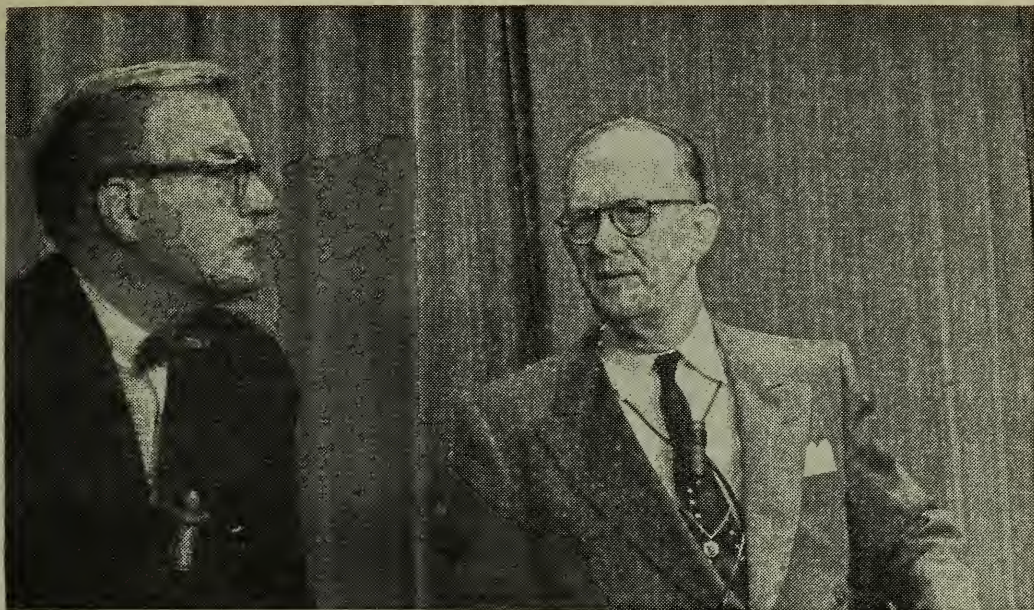
The ten million member Southern Baptist Convention took note of his spiritual depth and leadership ability by twice electing him to its presi-

dency. He is one of six laymen to fill the president's office in 120 years of Southern Baptist history.

"As a boy I debated whether I should go into politics or the ministry," Hays recounts with a twinkle. "The church won and I went into politics." Actually he has masterfully combined the two in his philosophy that "the world is a Christian's workshop."

HE first campaigned for public office at the age of twenty-nine, when he ran for governor of Arkansas. "The boy scout candidate," his opponents called him. He was twice defeated for governor and once for congress before winning his congressional seat in 1942. Even in those early campaigns his humor was winning friends. At one rally an enthusiastic supporter introduced him as a man who did not smoke, drink, or cuss. Hays interrupted his friend, "You've just alienated my three biggest blocks of voters. All I have left now are the snuff-dippers." And once when a heckler asked him, "Tell us, Brooks, who wrote your new book?" Hays quelched him with, "I'll be happy to answer that question, friend, when you tell us who read it to you."

Hays has persistently pushed legislation to provide increased opportunities for underprivileged and harassed citizens. He saw their plight when he worked for the National Recovery Administration in the 1930's ("I knew the depression was over when I saw a chicken cross the road without somebody chasing it," he mused). He also wrote and pushed



Dave Garroway of the National Broadcasting Co. interviews Brooks Hays, right, on his role in the school integration struggle in the South.

almost to passage in 1949 a package of civil rights bills intended to compromise the objectives of the North and the hesitance of the South. Though the bills failed then, Hays has seen each of the proposals enacted into law by later congresses.

His determination to apply spiritual values to political decisions often drove him to long hours of deliberation before a vote was cast. Out of his own sense of need and in recognition of that of his fellow lawmakers, he introduced in the House of Representatives a resolution to provide a prayer room in the Capitol Rotunda. Senator Monroney gained passage of an identical resolution in the Senate. The resulting tastefully decorated, yet simple chapel remains in the Capitol for a single purpose:

“To provide a quiet place to which individual senators and representatives may withdraw a while to seek Divine strength and guidance, both in public affairs and in their own personal concerns.”

“Bargain with your opponents on the fringe issues,” Hays once told a colleague, “but hold fast to your basic principles.”

Hays laid his membership in congress on the line when he volunteered in 1958 as mediator between President Eisenhower and Arkansas Governor Orval Faubus in the now historic Little Rock high school integration dispute. The action was, stated Sherman Adams in his White House memoirs (*First Hand Report*), “One of the greatest exhibitions of sheer courage in modern political

history. Hays felt a moral obligation . . . to serve as peacemaker . . . even though it meant political suicide."

For weeks the Congressman served as mediator between the President and the Governor as they traded charges and countercharges. He came within an eyelash of finding an acceptable solution, but Mr. Eisenhower finally believed it necessary to send federal troops to guarantee compliance with the U. S. Supreme Court ruling on integration.

"I felt like a sparrow caught in a badminton game," he quipped.

Hays, who had easily won the 1958 Democratic primary (normally tantamount to election in Arkansas), suddenly found his seat in Congress challenged by a sudden write-in campaign led by segregationist leaders eight days before the November general election. He did not have time to organize a campaign, and fell a few votes short of victory on election day.

Even in defeat, Hays used his sense of humor to philosophize. A newsman interviewing him on CBS "Face the Nation" television, asked why Hays had not advised the nation of the perilous path he was walking in his role as mediator.

"It reminds me of the hypochondriac whom nobody believed," Hays said. "He had them write on his tombstone, 'I told you I was sick.'"

Hays's friends wondered, during the next few weeks, if his world would ever fit back together again. I had opportunity to call at his office and probe him for his innermost feelings. Was he willing now, I asked, to

retire from public life and enter, say, the private practice of law?

Hays opened a desk drawer and read from his diary the story of his conversation with a Negro college student who worked as a bellhop in the Little Rock hotel where Hays was staying on the day of his election defeat. The lad voluntarily predicted the Congressman's return to Washington and added, "You see, Mr. Hays, I do not agree with Plato that the mechanisms of popular government do not raise the best man to the top." But before Hays could reach into his pocket for a generous tip, the Plato-influenced student continued, "I've been reading *your* new book too, Mr. Hays, and sometime I want to argue with you about your conclusions."

Hays laid the diary aside and looked up at me, then asked:

"What about this lad's future? Ten years from now will this man who is able to quote Plato still be carrying bags to hotel rooms? Or can our country open doors of opportunity heretofore closed to the Negro? Only I, one person, was affected when the Little Rock election closed the door to Congress in my face. But what about closed doors for a whole race?"

Hays's humor was only partially effective at the United Nations when President Eisenhower named him to the U. S. delegation in 1955. He countered Russia's proposal for admission of Outer Mongolia to the world body by suggesting that the balance of power be maintained by admitting Texas as well, under the name of "Outer Arkansas."

But things did not go as well when

he tried to make friends with the Russian ambassador. "Mr. Ambassador," he said in his folksy way, "back in Arkansas I have a neighbor who is ninety-seven years old . . ." "Hold everything," the Russian interrupted, "I know a fellow in Russia who is 147." Hays listened politely, unable to finish his story.

He was more successful in putting across his point in a State Department staff conference. Hays, as Assistant Secretary of State, objected to a proposal by Secretary Dean Rusk that certain staff members attempt a job Hays thought the Secretary should handle personally. "Don't forget that the Bible tells us, Mr. Secretary, that when Jacob leaned on his staff he died," the Arkansan conveyed his point.

When, a few months later, Mr. Hays took the oath of office as assistant to President Kennedy, Hays called Mr. Kennedy's attention to his ninety-five-year-old mother-in-law who came in a wheelchair to witness the ceremony. "Behind every man's achievement there is a proud wife and a surprised mother-in-law," Hays quoted an old joke. The President laughed courteously. But then Hays continued, "My mother-in-law is really surprised. She expected me to be President." Mr. Kennedy laughed in full earnestness.

Though Hays has been a platform favorite on the East Coast for many years, it was only a year or so ago that Meredith Willson, the composer and entertainer, "discovered" him at a city-wide church dinner in Los Angeles. That meeting led to a series of invitations to national television

shows, and Hays personally debated if he should capitalize on his "inside" role at the White House to provide entertainment. "Some friends asked me why I resigned my job at the White House to take a teaching position at Rutgers," he ventured on one TV show. "I'll tell you honestly. After Mr. Johnson became president I just couldn't stand the strain of turning off the lights." Offstage he rationalized, "That's not a disloyal joke. It tells the folks about Mr. Johnson's insistence on economy in government." ■ ■

GOD'S LOVE AND MINE

Am I concerned with burdens others
bear?

Or is another's wound his wound alone?
And do I feel that I am justified
Because I was not first to cast the
stone?

Is my brother's blood a part of mine,
Regardless of his color or his creed?
And when he disagrees with what I
say,

Do I still have an interest in his
need?

To love the ones who love us in re-
turn

Is love without the power to renew.
The love of Christ goes further than
its own,

Nor is it shared by just a chosen few.
His love is seeking out unloving man
To bid him come and take his right-
ful place

Among the sons of God whose eyes are
blind

To barriers of nation, creed, and race.

—Richard R. Smith

LUKE: Good Traveling Companion

By David A. MacLennan

FAMOUS major league baseball player of a few years ago, Jackie Robinson, has more than one inspiring story associated with his career. When he became one of the first Negro athletes to be chosen for a great team, his godly mother sent him a telegram. It was just before a crucial game in which he and the other members of the ball club were to play. "I'm praying for you, Jackie," was the message. Grateful but also realizing that more than his own success or failure were involved, it is said that Jackie wired back, "Don't pray for me. Pray for the team."

Team play is immensely significant and not just on a baseball diamond or other sports field. Christianity has been commended strongly by individual Christians who have lived the life of faith in Christ, of love toward God and neighbor. More than one thoughtful Christian, however, has realized that Christian advance depends largely on the witness, worship, and work of the Christian group.

Think of maintaining a strong military defense in the cold war, or of effective offensive action by armed forces in an actual war. The most loyal citizen, adept with weapons, even skilled in guerrilla tactics and in living off the land without any contact with supply lines, could actually hinder the cause he seeks to support. Little imagination is needed to picture the comments of a sergeant informed by such a rugged individualist that he has distrust of organized military units and prefers to pick off the enemy on his own!

Our Lord chose twelve men that they might be with him. The twelve were "with him" not only literally but in the modern colloquial meaning of the phrase. From that dedicated squad of disciples, the Holy Spirit worked the continuing miracle of what we know as the holy, catholic or universal church. Men and women of diverse background and different temperament, prayed not for themselves alone but for the team. One shining example of a Christian of

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this quality is the apostle we could call

"Doctor Luke"

That he was both a physician and successful teamworker is apparent in the brief reference the Apostle Paul made in his letter to the Colossian Church: "Luke the beloved physician and Demas greets you" (Col. 4:14). The only other references to this fine medical officer in Christ's forces are two. In Philemon, the Apostle writes: "Epaphras, my fellow prisoner in Christ Jesus, sends greetings to you, and so do Mark, Aristarchus, Demas, and Luke, my fellow workers." (Philem. 1:23, 24.) Later, writing to his young colleague Timothy, Paul says, "Luke alone is with me" (2 Tim. 4:11).

Tradition and imagination help us to reconstruct a fairly clear picture of the kind of person Luke must have been. Scholars are fairly certain that Luke was first of all a slave in a wealthy Antioch citizen's home. Because Luke was so attractive in manner and bright in mind and spirit, his owner and employer provided the best kind of education available in the university at Tarsus. He probably studied medicine there, for near the university was the nearest thing to a modern hospital. Tarsus was also the home town of Paul and Barnabas. They might have been at college together and their friendship may have dated from that time.

Back in Antioch he may have heard the gospel for the first time and his master, himself now a Christian, set him free. Moving to Troas, Luke may have decided to go on

his long journeys with Paul. Paul left him in charge of the Philippian church for seven years. Later when Paul was arrested at Jerusalem and confined to Caesarea's prison for two years, Dr. Luke remained with him as his personal physician and friend. This modest and loyal man was tremendously concerned with the sick, the suffering, and the poor.

His Gospel, which the French writer Ernest Renan praised as one of the most beautiful little books in any literature, reflects his compassion and social concern. Combined with the compassionate interest in suffering humanity which a beloved physician would show, Luke was a writer, a reporter of the highest quality. To Luke we owe the first two volumes of church history: the Gospel according to Luke and the Book of the Acts of the Apostles. He was a productive writer!—one fourth of the entire New Testament came from his pen. He was a Gentile. Yet this man, so different in temperament and aptitudes and interests from the great Apostle, was a friend and colleague of

The Apostle Paul

It could not have been easy. Paul was an "activist." He was the kind of executive officer who wanted things done and done yesterday! Paul was a builder of churches, and would never have agreed that he could not have built Rome in a day. Moreover, Paul was a fiery evangelist, and was criticized for bypassing long established rules, and for being as we say today of some extroverts, "too aggressive." St. Paul's major interest

was theological. (We may be grateful, despite the fact that later theologians have made Paul's own "theologizing" a battlefield on which they have disputed and, unfortunately, sometimes waged bitter battles.) As we might say today, Paul was the idea man and Luke the scholarly, patient writer who would take infinite pains to verify the truth of any incident reported to him for inclusion in his writings. Sometimes it must have seemed to Dr. Luke that Paul mounted his horse and rode off in *all* directions (to use the phrase of Canadian humorist Stephen Leacock). But how impoverished we and Christians across the centuries would have been, had Luke and Paul not remained loyal, understanding Christian friends to the end.

Christians Are Team Players

This conclusion the history of Christianity and the experience of today's Christians confirms. To begin with, personal Christianity is never mature and growing until it moves into the team, the Christian church in one of its branches and expressions. As our twentieth-century biblical theologians repeatedly stress, the church is integral to the gospel. What do they mean? That you cannot be a Christian "on your wild lone." As some of the sturdy Protestant Reformers said long ago, as we have God for our Father and Christ for our Lord and Savior, so we have the church for our mother. More than this, we are the body of Christ and the body cannot function unless all parts of it, all members, to use Paul's word, are related vitally

to each other, and all working in harmony to express the mind, the heart, the will, the words of Jesus Christ.

This poses some direct questions to you and me. Would I make a good traveling companion of a man as different from me as the Apostle Paul was from Dr. Luke? Would I be capable of the modest self-effacement which characterized Luke? Would I have his kind of loyalty to my friend because I keep remembering that despite any irritating qualities in his personality and conduct, he is equally committed to making Christ Lord of all life? Would I be able to adjust to "difficult" companions for the sake of God's cause? Am I now able to be mature enough to wait for further light on some mystifying action or message before I "blew"? Am I willing to do the work regardless of who gets the credit? If so, I am on the way to becoming a Christian who has something of the grace and therefore something of the graciousness of my Lord.

Friendship is essential to a fully human life. Friendship among Christians should be a radiant fact we could assume. Unfortunately, it has not been true always, nor is it true today. There is a better spiritual climate developing among Christians who once considered themselves rivals, even mutual enemies. The Lord Jesus expected us to be friends. "You are my friends," he said. And he added, "if you keep my commandments." His great commandment was: "Love one another, as I have loved you." ■ ■

They Made the Game of Baseball

By Mario DeMarco

Recalling a few baseball players who made the game great

A FEW months ago a group of sports writers were given the pleasure of watching some old baseball movie clips of some of the old, great stars . . . players like Lou Gehrig, Jimmie Foxx, Carl Hubbell, George Sisler, and many more of the diamond greats. After the showing was over, the boys began swapping stories and records of these great old-timers. Some of the facts were hard to believe, but nevertheless they were true.

One of these events which I witnessed was back on July 4, 1948, between the Red Sox and the Philadelphia A's at Fenway Park. The fireworks happened in the seventh inning . . . A's pitcher, Charlie Harris, was bombed for 12 runs on five walks, 6 hits, and a fielder's choice. Not content with murdering Harris, the Sox went after the relief pitcher for two more runs to score a record 14 runs in one inning.

They called Rube Marquard "the \$11,000 Lemon." The New York Giants purchased him for that price. In the first few seasons of playing

with the Giants, he was a flop so he was given the tag of "the \$11,000 Lemon." In 1913 he made them eat that nickname . . . he pitched and won 19 straight ball games . . . (20, if he were pitching today) . . . In one game he relieved Jess Tesreau when he was a run behind. The Giants won that game with Marquard on the mound, but the rules at that time stated Tesreau was the winner. So he was re-tagged "the Marvelous Rube," and a record was made that will be hard to match!

Lou Gehrig wasn't given the nickname of "the Iron Horse" for nothing. This great Yankee first baseman not only played 2,130 consecutive games, but he blasted 23 grand-slam circuit drives. In 1931 he hit a home run in each of 6 consecutive games, three of these with bases loaded!

Another Iron Man was the great Joe McGinnity. In August of 1903, Joe, who was playing for the New York Giants, pitched three full double-headers and won 'em all—6 games! When this great moundsman was well over 50 years old he

was still batting regularly for the Dubuque team in the Mississippi Valley League!

Most readers won't remember back at the close of the 1950 season when the great Connie Mack was retiring as a manager and handing the reins of his Athletics over to Jimmy Dykes. But this grand old man of baseball had just wound up 50 years of being a manager for the same ball team! In all this time of waving his score card in the dugout, the dignified old gent had won nine pennants and five World Series tournaments, another great record that will be hard to match.

Who will ever forget Johnny Vander Meer? This 22-year-old pitcher for the Cincinnati Reds pitched a no-hitter against the old Boston Bees at Boston on June 10, 1938 . . . five days later, hurling against the Dodgers at Brooklyn on the night that the team first inaugurated night baseball, Vander Meer set the "Bums" down without a hit or run to become the only man to be credited with two consecutive no-hit-or-runs to his record.

Do you realize that there are only eight batters in modern major-league history who have batted over .400 for a full season? Ty Cobb accomplished this feat three seasons, 1911, 1912, 1922. Rogers Hornsby also hit over the "magic .400" three times, 1922, 1924 and 1925, and holds the highest average, .424, while playing with the St. Louis Nationals in 1924. Napoleon Lajoie was the first to do so in 1901 with the Philadelphia Americans with a .405 average and Ted Williams was the last with a

.406 average in 1941 while with the Boston Red Sox. Tom Leach, while playing with Pittsburgh of the National League, won home-run honors in 1902 with a grand total of 6!

Grover Cleveland Alexander was named after a president of the United States . . . this great hurler lived up to his namesake on the mound. In 1915, Grover, who was pitching for the lowly Philadelphia Nationals won 31 games . . . in four of these games he allowed but a single hit. A year later, with the same team, he hurled 33 victories and 16 of these were shut-outs! There won't be another like "Ol' Pete" for a long time.

We mentioned earlier that Rube Marquard once won 19 straight games in a season . . . well Johnny Nabors, who was hurling for the Philadelphia A's back in 1916, went to the mound 19 times that season and lost every game he pitched! Connie Mack must have had a little faith in the guy, or he wouldn't have kept putting him in the game.

Here's a record that few people have known about. During the 1919 World Series between the Cincinnati Reds and the infamous Chicago White Sox there were three regular players on the Sox squad who weren't paid off by the gamblers to throw the game . . . one of these stars was the great Eddie Collins who played his heart out that infamous year, but to no avail. This great ball player spent 25 years in the big leagues (1906-1930), the longest on record, during which he averaged .333 at the plate.

There were two other Chicago White Sox players on the gamblers'



KEY TO PICTURE: Left, lower: Walter Johnson; left, top: Christy Mathewson; center, lower: Babe Ruth; center, top, left: Joe Tinker; center, top, right: Johnny Evers; right, lower: Bob Feller; right, top: Grover Cleveland Alexander.

payroll in that Series who would have now been in the Hall of Fame were it not for their part in the "Black" Sox scandal. One was Buck Weaver who, strangely enough, had no part in taking a bribe from the gamblers and who played the game honestly, was dismissed from the sport because he knew what was going on but never told anyone. The other was "Shoeless" Joe Jackson. A terror at the plate, Joe batted .408 in his first major league season in 1911. He hovered near the .400 mark for nine other seasons, batting .382 during his last season in 1920. Joe loved the game—in this unfortunate Series he forgot that he had been paid off by the gamblers and hit a lusty .375 for the eight games of the Series. Petitions for both Jackson and Weaver were signed by thousands of fans to have them reinstated in baseball but both were turned down. This was one of the few unfortunate incidents in the great game of baseball that would like to be forgotten.

Most of the stories have been printed about the great Babe Ruth, about his hitting powers, his pranks, and his showmanship; but few people ever knew that Babe was superstitious. Ruth would always touch second base on his way to the dug-out after every inning. This great man was known throughout the

world. Ruth and Lou Gehrig, while visiting Japan, were mobbed by thousands of Japanese youngsters . . . some years later these same youngsters were shouting, "Throw Babe Ruth out!" in banzai charges during World War II. Yes, Babe Ruth had a great influence on youngsters.

Mel Ott, one of the greatest and most popular players ever to wear a Giant's uniform, holds the all-time N.L. record for homers, 511. This Hall of Famer was such a good ball player in high school that he was signed up and sent directly from school to the majors!

Baseball has its unusual sides also . . . there isn't too much mentioned about the umpires of the games. Did you know that these black-coated men of the game have to make almost 300 split-second decisions during a contest! They usually hang around together, keeping to themselves, not making friends with the ball players . . . or their honesty would be questioned if they were calling balls and strikes against them. One almost humorous incident happened to Art Pasarella . . . this unfortunate umpire was hit by a foul tip which crashed through his mask . . . he suffered a dislocated jaw, thereby not being able to close his mouth—there's one for the books!



SPECIAL OCCASION

A tramp knocked on the door of a house and when the lady of the house answered his knock, he inquired, "Lady, would you spare a piece of cake or pie for a hungry man?" The housewife replied, "Yes, but wouldn't bread and butter do?" The tramp said, "Normally yes, but today is my birthday."

—Jack Herbert.

"Not My Boy!"

By George S. Wilson

MY father had a SOP. It worked like this: if I got in trouble at school, I was in trouble at home. The teacher and the school were right. It was a rare, cold snowy day in July when I could prove that the teacher was wrong and I was right. Looking back I know my father had justice on his side.

Having been both student and teacher, child and parent, I am convinced of the wisdom of his position. You breathe a sigh of relief when that adolescent leaves in the morning. You've had quite a bit of lip already. You can't cope with him. The school calls later—they've had it up to there.

The same sweet conduct that is driving you nuts has finally got to the teachers, too. You scream in protest. It couldn't be my boy, not him; he wouldn't do a thing like that. You storm the bastille; you castigate the principal. He is persecuting your boy.

Where do you get that jazz? You know very well he either did everything he is being blamed for or he is capable of it. Why? Because you're embarrassed. You go on the defensive at the very time you should be at your cooperative best.

Raising this child, educating him, helping to develop into a good solid citizen is your job as a parent. Schools have been developed to assist parents in discharging their responsibilities. There must be a partnership if the job is to be accomplished. Home, school, church, and community must all work together to make Johnny a respectable, worthy citizen. The job is difficult at best in these days.

Don't let your personal pride and embarrassment stand in the way.



CURED?

The newcomer to the community was chatting with her neighbor.

"You know," she said suddenly, "I used to be terribly conceited and then I went to a psychiatrist."

"And did he help you?" queried the neighbor.

"Oh, my, yes," was the woman's quick reply. "He straightened me out and now I have the most wonderful personality in the world."—F. G. Kernan.

Discipleship and Possessions

By George A. Buttrick

Chapter 6 in a study of the Sermon on the Mount

THIS passage (Mt. 6:19-24) is no plea for an ascetic life: Jesus did not live as a recluse mortifying the flesh: he shared the life of the world. A house is a thing, the planet is a thing, the parables of Jesus are about things; and the Christian faith is an earthy faith in the best sense of that word. There is no pure spirituality, for we have bodies; and no unearthly religion, for we live on earth. Likewise this passage is no plea either for capitalism or socialism: Jesus did not peddle economic schemes which are liable to change with the changing weather of events. Private property can corrupt a man if he is greedy, or increase his manhood if he is responsible. Again this passage is no revolutionary diatribe against the rich man: Jesus is sorry for him because he is missing the true joy both of this life and the next, and Jesus here tells how and why. If we heeded Jesus, there would be a quiet revolution which would change our culture beyond recognition.

I

So to the central assertion which is this: *Every man is confronted by a choice between treasures on earth and treasures in heaven.* We can't have our cake and eat it. If we choose one treasure, we lose the other; if we choose the other, we lose the one. Our skeptical time

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laughs at that word "heaven," and at the folly of living for "pie in the sky by and by." The skeptic forgets that he and all men live in two dimensions. You go on leave or on special assignment, but you see yourself go. You say, "Time is swift," because there is in you a fixed point above time, namely, in eternity. Always we choose between two worlds.

It never occurs to Christian faith that there is no hereafter, for already we have one foot in it. We choose always between the moment and the ages, between the timebound self and the eternal self, between earth and heaven. In fact there is in us a secret conversation between the two worlds. "Treasures on earth" says, "Why not steal the money? Nobody will know." "Treasures in heaven" replies, "Nobody? Don't do it. You'd be miserable." So Jesus here poses the clear choice, and then tells why the man who chooses treasures on earth is a pitiable figure. As for treasures in heaven, there is rapture about them: this passage is in poetic form in the original Greek.

II

Then why is "treasures on earth" a sorry choice? Jesus gives four reasons. *First, earthly wealth is transient.* Clothes-possession may be the prey of moths, metal-possession of rust, and all possessions of thieves; for in Christ's Palestine thieves could easily break through mud walls. Does someone say, "But we have mothkillers and rust-preventives"? We also have crime syndicates, fluctuations in the stock market, inflation, and destructive wars. The rich man spends half his time gathering more money than he really needs, and the other half anxiously protecting what he has gathered. Thus his double-locks, security guards, burglar alarms, and deposit boxes; and meanwhile his own life on earth is transient. So Jesus in one parable speaks of the rich man's dying, and asks who then will own his wealth. "You can't take it with you!"

Then Jesus delivers his verdict, more pungently in the original than in our translations: the man was "a pauper towards God." He has no "treasures in heaven." They are immune from moths, rust and thieves. What storm can destroy neighborly love in life or a quiet conscience in death? Near the first church I served lived a man whose only home was behind a curtain at the back of his clothes-pressing store. He could not be persuaded to charge enough for his labor. On Sunday he visited the prisoners in the local jail, not to "preach" to them, but "because I

think they are lonely." Always he carried a quiet joy. He was the secret envy or longing of every rich man in town—and of every preacher.

The *second* reason given by Jesus why "treasures on earth" is a poor choice is this: *our "heart" is beguiled and made prisoner*. The word "heart" in the Bible is not merely an emotional word, but is quite close to our word "will." It means the determinative center of our life. We cannot oscillate between the two treasures any more than a bigamist can long shuttle between two wives and two homes. That is, though earthly wealth is intended to be a means to God's end, it soon may become an end in itself. So to speak is not "pious blather." Jesus again and again took issue with the "pious." It is plain fact that wealth can become the whole purpose of a man's life.

We brag about our "great technological progress," but what guarantee is there that it *is* progress when the evil in us can pervert every machine to evil use? A chisel can carve a chancel screen or be used as a murder weapon; nuclear power can light a city or blight it. Eugene O'Neill has a play in which at the last a man kneels to pray to a dynamo! When wealth becomes an idol, it does what every idol does: it first deceives and then destroys its worshipers. The miser is soon as hard and dry as his coins. But if Christ is a man's goal, the "heart" is at home. Because we live in two dimensions, the dimension of time cannot satisfy our heart, for our true heart is where our true treasure is: in that world from which we know that "time is swift." Carlyle once exclaimed, "Not all the confectioners and upholsterers in London can make one shoeblack eternally happy." Or make one soldier satisfied, or one sailor, or one preacher trying to write a study of The Sermon on the Mount.

The *third* reason why mammon is a sorry choice is this: *it curses us with double vision*. The eye is no longer "single" or sound. The "lamp" in our cottage called life is smoky or snuffed out: we cannot see where we live, much less our way in the world. "Single" is quite close in meaning to "perfect" in Matthew 5:48. Said Jesus as one recounting tragedy: "If then the light in you is darkness" (if your whole viewpoint is obscured) "how great is the darkness!" If the world is light a man can still travel if he has any sight, but if he is blind the lighted world might as well be black. Is this reason a good reason? We must not dismiss it as being "only in the Bible," for the Bible is the most realistic of all books.

Is not the average rich man half-blind? He tries to "keep things

as they are" in a world which always changes, and he bridles and rants when changes come. He has neither political nor religious judgment. But Christ is forthrightly true: what he said comes to pass. In Dickens' *The Christmas Carol*, a dog pulls his physically blind master down an alley when he sees a miser approaching, for physically blind eyes are "better than an evil eye, good master." But when a man chooses "treasures in heaven" he sees earthly things and events in due proportion from that higher stance. Therefore we should pray always, "Lord, that I may receive my sight!" John Masefield's poem, "Saul Kane," is a study in conversion. The name Saul is used in remembrance that the apostle Paul was first named for Saul before he received his sight. Saul Kane, convicted and forgiven by Christ, became a man of "single eye":

O glory of the lighted mind!
How dead I'd been, how dumb, how blind!
The station brook to my new eyes
Was babbling out of Paradise!

The *fourth* reason Christ gives why "treasures on earth" is a poor choice is this: *the choice diverts us from our true Lord*. Here we have truth on truth. Our life is made for mastery: the early Christians called themselves "slaves of Christ." Because we are dependent creatures, derived from God, we seek some supreme loyalty as homeless men seek home. "Lord, thou has been our dwelling place in all generations." "Mammon" (the word means simply cash or property) seems to offer a home, because things seem lasting and hard. But things are actually transient, and thus leave us bereft.

That is why our America, with more wealth per capita than any other land, is not happy, but instead is asking through many a playwright and novelist, if life has any meaning. We cannot easily ditch Mammon once that choice is made, for, if we love Mammon, we end by "hating" God. Plato writes in *The Republic* "It is impossible for citizens of a state to honor wealth, and at the same time acquire a proper amount of temperance, because they cannot avoid neglecting one or the other." But Jesus spoke not of mere temperance, but about the rapture of our home in God.

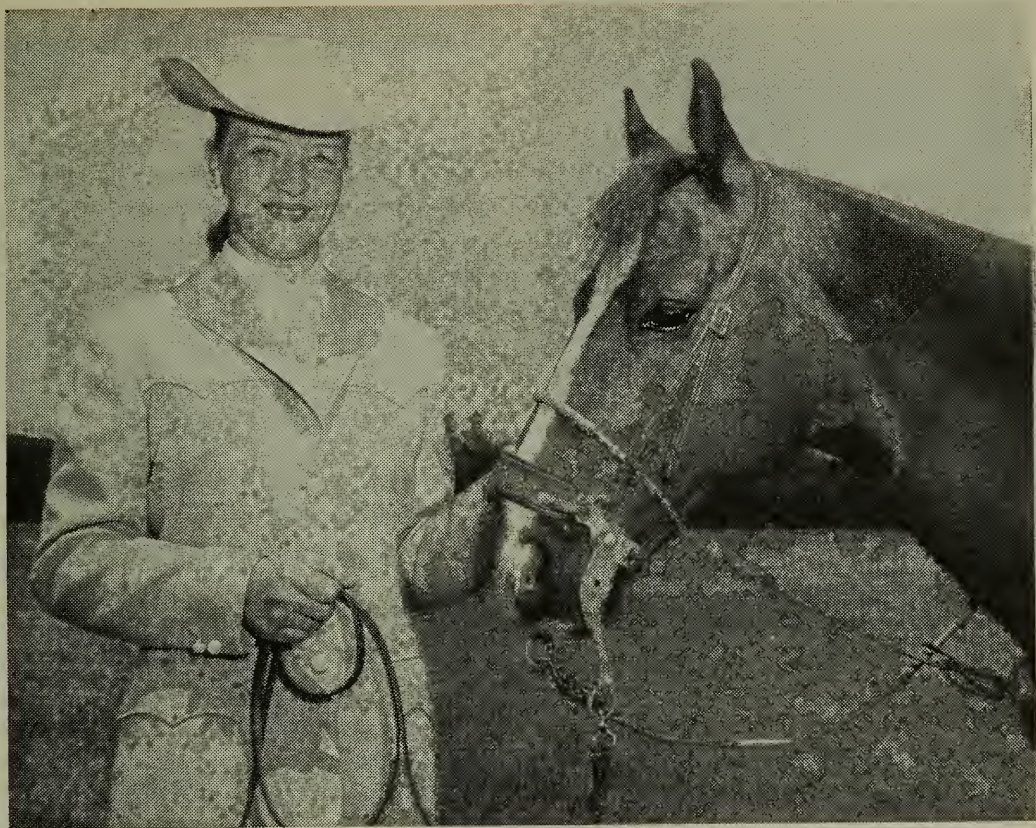
Our railroad tickets advise us, "Not good if detached." Human life cannot be detached from its source in God or it will die, blown through the world like an autumn leaf. Day by day in the small and great events of the day this choice of two treasures confronts us. Ruskin

picked up two books and said, "If I read this book I cannot read that book." He meant much more than that we lack time for both: he meant that if we read one kind of book and keep on reading that kind, we shall soon lose interest in the other kind of book. If we "hate the one," we shall "love the other." If we are "devoted to the one," we shall "despise" the other. We cannot pretend to a freedom from all choice, for freedom means becoming slave to every passing whim and fancy: it has chosen "treasures on earth." "Treasures in heaven" is not a vague choice forever postponed: it is a present heaven in Christ who gave us The Sermon on the Mount.

III

This passage (it is more like sudden light) *still does not mean that we flee the world or abjure all possessions*. We are to live with things, grateful for their utility and beauty (*with* them, not *for* them), using them as instruments of Christ's peace. We are to possess them, and not let them possess us. We are to "have as not having." We are to sit loose to Mammon, lest our eyes be distracted from life's meaning and life's final home. We shall not envy rich men, but be sorry for them that they live under such great temptation. When they become predatory, as frequently they do, we shall oppose them; but we ourselves shall live with simple needs, lest we provoke our neighbors to envy and ourselves lose the path. Our world cannot find peace except under this quiet revolution. The sculptor Rodin saw and bought a cross, not alone because he honored Christ, but because artist-like he admired its proportions. When he took it home he found that it was too high for the room. What then? He did not whittle down the cross: he rebuilt the house. Life is cruciform, because the love of God at the cross is cruciform. Our way with possessions at long last must be cruciform. Now, as bridge to the next study, we should say to one another that the frequent reason why men choose "treasures on earth" is that they are insecure, and because they think they can build a refuge with things. This Jesus knew: he knew the human heart altogether. So the next passage in The Sermon on the Mount is a forthright discussion of anxiety. But as for that, it is "continued in our next." ■ ■

PRAYER: The important thing in life is what's got hold of us. Prayer is supremely how God gets hold of us.—F. W. Kates.



Donna Cassebaum, 17, outstanding cowgirl of the rodeo received a beautiful trophy for her high school and a \$250 saddle as her prize for competing in roping, barrel racing, calf cutting, and rodeo queen.

Wisconsin High School Students Turn Cowboys and Cowgirls

By Wally E. Schulz

RODEO has become an established sports activity in the Wisconsin high schools. This state has become the first state east of

the Mississippi River to adopt rodeo as a high school sport. And how the high school youngsters love it!

The students look forward to the

Championship rodeo of the year

the high school rodeo as the fellows, for there are special events for them. They compete in the queen contest, for a rodeo isn't complete without choosing a rodeo queen.

The girls also compete in break-away roping, calf roping, calf cutting and barrel racing. Many of them are expert riders and own horses of their own. Those who do not have horses at the rodeo borrow a horse from another contestant.

The boys compete in roping, steer wrestling, bronc riding, Brahma bull riding and calf cutting events. Everywhere there's an air of excitement as youngsters set up their camps and congregate to discuss the various events.

Others are found sitting on the top of the corral fences that pen the Brahma bulls and the bucking broncos. The bulls and broncos look huge and wild and they wonder which animal they will draw to try their riding skill. All events are featured at this rodeo just as in the major rodeos of the western states.

Other youngsters are found pitching their tents and unpacking their suitcases at their campsites.

For here at the rodeo the boys and girls have the time of their lives cooking their meals over a campfire, singing around a fire and sleeping in their sleeping bags under the stars.

The youngsters that don't desire to "camp out" at the rodeo may desire to board for the three-day affair in the bunkhouse. There is a bunkhouse for the girls and one for the boys.



Hold on, cowboy! Kent Johnstone of Amery, Wis., is tossed from his horse as he leaves the chutes.

arrival of July for that's the month the rodeo is held each year. The state rodeo is held at Richland Center, Wisconsin, and in 1963 performed before over 6,000 people.

The rodeo has become an annual event and last year was held for a three-day weekend. There are thrills, chills, and spills galore and the students have the time of their lives!

The day before the rodeo the contestants start to arrive at the rodeo grounds. They come in trucks, cars and semi-trailers. Some of the contestants bring their own horses with them. Others pay to have them hauled by a local trucker who will bring several horses owned by the students.

The girls are just as excited over

Adult leaders are put in charge of each of these and they are run in an orderly manner.

Still others set up housekeeping in their spacious trucks and spread blankets over the soft, golden straw. Grills are set up beside the trucks and meals prepared upon them. Others bring cots and set them up beside the trucks. They're a tired group when they hit the sack, so sleep comes quickly.

To be eligible to compete in a high school rodeo, the student must have a passing grade. He must have a signed statement from the school principal verifying this fact.

Each student must also bring a signed statement from his parents giving him permission to enter the rodeo contest. Moreover, students must not smoke, drink, swear or be rowdy. It's the aim of the high school

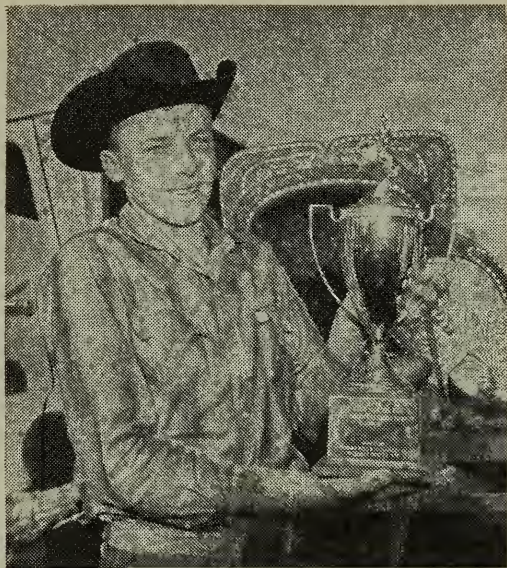
rodeos everywhere to develop clean, American youth.

The contests are held under the auspices of the state high school rodeo association, and winners are eligible to compete in the national finals held at a different state each year. The top contestants of each state compete for honors in this rodeo.

THE rodeo event that is considered the most exciting of all is the Brahma bull riding event. This bull is noted for its spectacular strength; it can toss a horse into the air with its hind legs. The young cowboys must be on their guard at all times, for the bull is noted for charging a fallen rider when he hits the dust. A rodeo clown is always on hand in the arena, however, to protect and hustle the fallen riders

Donna Cassebaum of Richland Center, Wis., rides after her calf. And she roped it! Calf roping is a popular event for the girls.





Recent All-Around Champion cowboy was Steve Fairchild, 15, of Walworth, Wis. Here he accepts a trophy for his high school. He received a beautiful \$250 saddle as his prize in competition.



Frances Leech, 18, of Stevens Point, left, hands roses and title of queen to Linda Lee, 16, of Eau Claire, Wis. Each year queen is chosen to reign over the Wisconsin High School rodeo during the year's activities.

to the safety of the corral fence.

And what's a rodeo without a queen? The girls plan excitedly for entering this event. The queen is chosen for her talents in riding and horsemanship. She is required to perform before judges as they judge her riding ability in cantering a horse, loping, trotting, walking, doing the figure eight, mounting and dismounting her steed. Points are awarded on the all-around control of the horse during the judging.

Good sportsmanship also plays a major part in the judging of the contestants at all times.

As her prize for the "queen title" the winning girl is presented a

beautiful wrist watch, western clothing, certificates from stores and dozens of other gifts.

In other rodeo events the girls and boys receive beautiful belt buckles for first, second, and third prizes.

The rodeo grounds with the students dressed in western attire is a colorful affair. The contestants are dressed in flashy cowboy shirts, six-gallon hats, chaps and spurs. The chaps are worn to help the rider cling to the rearing, bucking bulls—not just for looks.

Many of the young cowboys have learned the hard way that the hat they wear so proudly can be their

downfall in riding the bucking bulls or horses. For many have gripped or touched their hats as they felt them slip. They didn't want them to get dirty upon the ground, but the gesture disqualifies them from the event. The rules state that a cowboy cannot touch any part of his body or hat when riding.

The stylish cowboy spurs the contestants wear are not just for looks either. They must be used to spur the bulls and bucking broncos. The rules require they must spur the mount when contesting.

And on Sunday, the last day of the rodeo, the students do not forget God or the church. Many attend churches in the local town where the rodeo is held. Others ride to church services on horseback and attend the services held in the saddle.

Even the minister, the Reverend

John Linton of Sparta, Wisconsin, attends the church services on horseback.

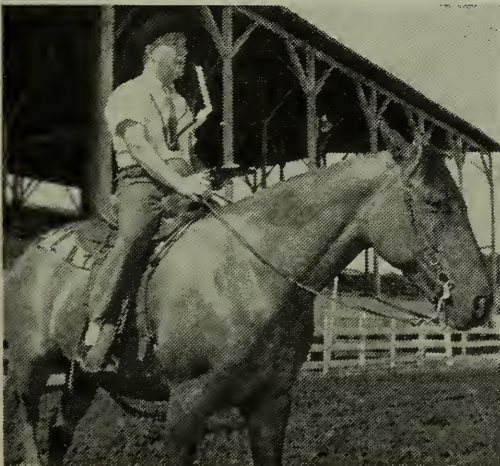
The youngsters congregate before the grandstands and the parents join them and listen to the church service.

In a service I attended there was no musical instrument available on the rodeo grounds for accompaniment of the congregation singing. So the minister's daughter, Nanette, age fourteen, led in the singing of several church hymns over the public address system.

And the minister's son, John, Jr., was not to be left out of the rodeo, either, for he entered as a contestant.

"I'm not a very talented horseman," said the Reverend John Linton, "and I rarely go horseback riding. Therefore, I'm afraid I carry my impressions of the saddle with me for a few days after the church serv-

The rodeo contestants attend church services on horseback Sunday morning. Left, The Rev. John Linton of the Interdenominational Church of Tomah, Wis., reads the scripture to assembled students shown at right. Parents, though not shown in picture, are seated in the grandstand.



ice. But it's an impressive service to preach the gospel before those high school youngsters, and I'm proud to be associated with them. They remember the Sabbath and keep it holy by attending the church services on horseback."

The rodeo lasts for a three-day period. After the last performance the trophies and prizes are handed out to the top contestants. They're a tired group as they receive their awards, but they're a happy lot. They've contested with their best efforts, and win or lose, each is a champion.

The top three winners in each event are chosen to represent their state in the national rodeo finals. This is the only high school sport where national finals are held. It is at this rodeo that the national high school champions are selected.

Yes, the Wisconsin high school students have found rodeo an exciting sport that is sweeping the nation with favor. It's a sport that is developing good sportsmanship, clean living and a weekend of fun and excitement for the contestants.

Western rodeo is heading East, and Wisconsin is proud to be the first state East of the Mississippi to be a member of the High School Rodeo Association.

Each state selects its own high school rodeo officers which represent them in meetings and activities throughout the year. New officers are selected by the students each year.

And each year means a new rodeo—and each new rodeo means new excitement! ■ ■

The Beggar Poet

By Richard R. Smith

THE GIVER AND THE GIFTS

How eager we accept His earthly gifts
And seek in prayer surcease from all
our woe!

How prone we are to set aside the search
To find the spring from whence His
blessings flow!

With joyful hands His bounty we receive
And plead for little pleasures we
desire;

But then we shrink before the flame of
faith

And flee the God who sets a soul on fire.

What fools we are to satisfy the needs
That all too soon the years will lay to
rest.

If we would seek, then let us seek the
source—

The Giver not the gifts should be our
quest.

GREATNESS

They who are lifted to the height
By chance or ordinary might,
Without a measure or a test,
In some way leave me unimpressed.

But those who make a patient climb
To be a credit to their time,
And earn advancement honestly,
Are the world's truly great to me.

—Clarence Edwin Flynn

The Home-Wrecking Business

By Richard E. Lentz

YOU or somebody else is wrecking homes in America. That is too bad. House-wrecking is a profitable business but home-wrecking brings loss to every one.

On an average a thousand or more divorces are granted daily in the United States. Three quarters of a million people are free again! And each year a million other married people petition for divorce and later reconsider. Millions are affected by this home-wrecking—counting the thousands of children. Some marriage failure can be explained—perhaps too easily—by saying that many persons marry too quickly or with too little preparation so naturally they will seek release from a bad bargain. Of course! Dr. James A. Peterson wrote in *Toward a Successful Marriage*, “The rewards for care in making a wise choice of mate cannot well be overemphasized because it is my conviction that today a well-mated couple can look forward to

such happiness in their union as the world has not known before.”

Then why do they not? There are home-wreckers working among them. Countless homes are destroyed by persons inside or outside of them who for some reason want to dissolve a particular marriage. Take a look at this illustration as provided by a counselor’s report.

Husband Snatchers

The girl was pretty but unhappy. She seated herself in a marriage counselor’s office and almost shouted, “But he loves me. We are going to be married as soon as he can divorce his wife.” She was sure of it! Here is her story. “I went to the cafeteria downtown and ahead of me in the line was this man. As soon as I saw him I was attracted to him and wanted to meet him. I guess he felt the same about me. We sat together and he asked me for a date. We’ve gone together ever since. It was love

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at first sight for both of us. I didn't know he was married when I fell in love with him. How could I? Anyway he doesn't love his wife any more—nor his kids. He says I do something special to him!"

Will they ever be married? Maybe yes, maybe no. Would it be right if they did? What are the rights of this man's wife and children? Whether or not the girl knew that he was married at the time of the couple's first meeting, he knew it. Who should be held responsible for the destruction of this home? Was the girl or the man the home-wrecker? Is there such a thing as "love at first sight"? Can it be prevented?

Dissolved By Alcohol

Here is a thumbnail sketch of another home-wrecker from the files of a social caseworker. A part of the conversation recorded is, "My husband spends half of his paycheck on liquor and comes home drunk every few days. His own children are afraid of him. We've got unpaid bills all over town. I need clothes and so do the girls. It has reached the point where we're all ashamed to go anywhere. I'm at my wit's end. I love my husband but I can't go on this way any longer."

Many homes are washed away by alcohol. Reasons why persons drink intoxicating liquor are many and varied. Everyone needs to study himself and develop his own standards of conduct. But when loved ones suffer and the future of the whole family is jeopardized by our drinking, it would seem to be selfish and shortsighted to continue to indulge

ourselves. What have we a right to expect of those who love us? Who is the home-wrecker when married partners separate because one of them drinks and the other cannot longer tolerate such behavior? Do some persons actually "drive others to drink"? Whose is the responsibility for marriage failure when a third party has encouraged the drinking by his example or persuasion?

Sex Is Where—

Sex is—we all know that! But was the man right when he exclaimed, "Sex is where you can get it"? Is sex a commodity you can hunt or find? When you "locate it at a cheap price" do you consider yourself to have found a bargain? Maybe even you can get it for nothing with a little sweet talk!

Sex is big business today. Both professionals and amateurs are in it. One hears wordy arguments about standards, freedom, and morality. Usually a person hears and believes reasons which support what he wants to do. Several basic questions present themselves to all who consider sexual experiences outside of marriage. What is sex when it is separated from love or from marriage? What is the ethics of "renting" one person's body to serve another's need or desire? How do sexual experiences outside of marriage affect the love-sexual experience within marriage? What is the meaning of the phrase, common to most marriage ceremonies, "forsaking all others"? When is it morally justifiable to break a covenant or to encourage others to do so?

Please Do Not Destroy

Do we desire merely to escape from the wrecker's crew? Do not most married couples actually seek the stability and happiness which Dr. Peterson thinks is within their reach? We believe they do. They want a home *worth saving* from destruction. What would that be like? Since the persons who are joined in any particular marriage are unique and live in a total situation which is theirs alone, expectations and satisfactions will vary. Many couples have expressed a desire for a marriage in which these elements would be present.

Respect by husband and wife for each other.

Some common ideals and goals toward which they may strive together.

Two-way understanding, faith and forgiveness between husband and wife.

Personal religious faith and church affiliation of each married partner which is compatible with that of the other.

Loyalty of the couple to each other and to their marriage.

Insurance Against Wreckers

For every four marriages which take off, one cracks up. Dr. Clark Ellzey summarizes in this graphic sentence the comparative figures of marriage and divorce statistics in America. One young man reacted by declaring that "marriage was not for him." To be sure anyone's marriage may fail, may fail without any responsibility on his part. The likelihood is against it. Three successes to

one failure and the failures usually involve both parties to an extent. Anyone who is willing to plan carefully and who faithfully guards his marriage, stands a good chance of reasonable success.

Accepting the possibility of failure and the presence in society of home-wreckers, what can one do to protect his self investment in marriage? Have there been discoveries of ways to strengthen marriages that develop weakness? Consider these suggestions and then write out your own program of marriage preservation.

Know what you're doing when you marry. Don't marry anyone you do not know.

Set your ideals for marriage and prepare yourself to make yours after your ideal. Work for it.

Watch the little things of marriage. Termites wreck homes, too. Most ideals are lowered slowly. Listening to each other, thoughtfulness to each other are examples. Manuals on real estate mention the importance of "mending small cracks."

Give your marriage due care. Love must be cultivated and nourished. Husbands and wives often drift apart. Gradually two people who love each other can come to bore each other, if they neglect their common life or fail to help each other grow.

Do not expect your marriage always to be "heaven on earth" or trouble, problem free. Relationships as intimate as marriage will of course experience difficulty. This need not embarrass you. Seek help of others as and when you need it. ■ ■



Mr. Wong and the Kuan Su Necklace

By Dan Ross

A TENSE silence fell over the three people seated at the table in the garden restaurant of the Grand Hotel on the outskirts of Bombay. Mei Wong, the famed art dealer, had left the Indian metropolis a half hour previously to pay this visit to June Ratcliffe.

Now he wondered if the wealthy young Englishwoman was right in

the accusation she was making. A glance across the table at the bronzed, bearded face of Inspector Bannerjee of the Bombay police confirmed his suspicion that the Inspector was also having second thoughts about their mission. The man with the short, black beard showed his doubt plainly in his expression.

Mei Wong unravels the mystery of the diamond necklace

June Ratcliffe, blonde, pretty and haughty, gazed out toward the ocean and paid no attention to them at all. The Grand Hotel was located on a rocky promontory jutting out into the water, a white-cement building gripping the cliffs tenaciously, while a cool breeze reached them from the blue water beyond. Long steps led down to a bathing pavilion and miles of palm-hung beach stretched out on either side of the imposing building.

Far out on the ocean were the native outriggers busy making the day's catch of strange and multi-colored fish. Long rollers curled and pummed over the reef offshore.

The stout Mei Wong broke the quiet by saying: "I had no idea the diamond necklace had been stolen from your collection, Miss Ratcliffe, or I would certainly not have purchased it."

June Ratcliffe turned to him in annoyance. "I just don't understand. It seems impossible that you wouldn't recognize it."

"There are several such necklaces in the market at present," the old Chinese gentleman explained patiently. "So I would have no reason to expect this one to be yours."

Inspector Bannerjee spoke across the table. "And this man represented himself to be the agent of a Belgian firm, didn't he?"

Mei Wong nodded, his pudgy face wearing a lugubrious expression. "He deceived me with ease. Even though he was a stranger to me he had excellent references from this firm. I

have done a great deal of business with them. It was natural that I shouldn't question his honesty."

Inspector Bannerjee sighed, impatience showing on his thin, swarthy face. He said: "The point is that we know now the necklace was stolen. We also know Mr. Wong has it. There remains only one mystery. Who stole it in the first place?"

The Ratcliffe girl laughed shortly and unpleasantly. "Must I go all over that again? I'm sure Tony Stanton did it."

So they were back at it again. Mei Wong sat silently waiting for the Inspector to take over. In spite of June Ratcliffe's beauty there was something about the girl he didn't quite like. Owners of valuable gems often had been known to pretend they were stolen to collect the insurance money. Perhaps June Ratcliffe had planned something of this sort and the scheme had gone awry when Inspector Bannerjee had located the missing diamond necklace in his studio.

"You have told us this before, Miss Ratcliffe," the Inspector told her with quiet politeness. "But you really have no proof. And Mr. Stanton has an excellent alibi. He was attending the same opera you were the evening the necklace was stolen. In fact, he sat in a box almost directly opposite you in the theater."

June Ratcliffe's blue eyes flashed angrily. "So he says! But I know he must be lying. He had the combination of my wall safe. He also had a

key that would let him in my suite here. He simply left the theater for awhile and came here and got the necklace. When I returned home and went to put my other jewels back in the safe I discovered it was gone."

"And you'd seen it there before you left for the opera?" Mei Wong asked.

"I'm certain it was there when I took out the jewelry I wore for the evening," the young heiress said. "I almost decided to wear it."

Mei Wong stared at her. "One other thing. You say Stanton had the combination to your safe and the key to your apartment? This seems slightly unusual."

Her cheeks turned crimson and she looked down. "We planned to be married at one time. The engagement was broken a few weeks ago. I couldn't put up with him any longer. He isn't a nice sort of person."

"Would you care to enlarge on that?" Inspector Bannerjee asked quietly.

The girl looked up at him and sighed. "For one thing he's been posing as a wealthy playboy and he hasn't any money at all. That wasn't too important as far as I was concerned. But I couldn't stand his cruel snobbery and his racial hatreds."

Mei Wong raised his eyebrows. "He sounds like a rather complex character."

"Believe me, he is," June Ratcliffe assured him seriously. "As an example, he has some feeling about Greek people. He seems to actually hate every person of that nationality he meets. It doesn't make sense."

The old gentleman spread his

hands and smiled. "But a rather common mental ailment these days, racial distrust. He is only one of many afflicted by it."

June Ratcliffe looked slightly ashamed. "I know that is true. And in many ways I liked Tony. I didn't think he'd actually steal from me."

Mei Wong studied her intently. "You say he attended the opera and his box was just across from yours. Surely if he left you would have noticed?"

She hesitated. "Normally I would have. But he sat back in the shadows of the box. From where I was sitting I could see only the corner of his program from time to time."

Inspector Bannerjee said: "But you did see him come in before the opera began?"

"Yes."

"Yet," the Inspector continued, "you didn't see him leave. So what you are offering us is at best a shrewd guess."

Mei Wong leaned forward. "I attended every night of the opera myself. On which night did the theft take place?"

"The night they gave *Orpheus in the Underworld* by Offenbach," June Ratcliffe told him wearily. "I remember very well because the male lead, Grinaldo, was in very bad voice during the first act and in the second act they substituted his stand-in for him. It spoiled the performance."

"I felt the same way," Mei Wong agreed. "The Frenchman who took his place had a fine voice but the replacement spoiled the illusion."

Inspector Bannerjee said, "I will have Tony Stanton at my office to-



morrow morning at ten. I'd like you both to be there."

THE following morning in Inspector Bannerjee's office the four principals in the affair met. Tony Stanton, handsome and uneasy, tried without success to catch the Ratcliffe girl's eye. She sat primly facing the Inspector and deliberately avoiding the young man. Mr. Wong, placid and dressed in his usual immaculate white suit, sat with half-shut eyes like a wise old Buddha.

Clearing his throat, Inspector Bannerjee addressed young Stanton: "You are certain you know nothing about this stolen diamond necklace?"

"Not a thing!" Stanton's answer rang out clearly.

Mei Wong now spoke: "The agent

who sold it to me said he had purchased it from a young man in Hong Kong. But of course the necklace probably changed hands many times."

Inspector Bannerjee nodded. "No doubt a fence or confederate was involved in this theft. Miss Ratcliffe insists the necklace was taken while she attended the opera. And she says you took it."

"But that's nonsense," Tony Stanton said. "I was in the box across from her the whole evening and she knows it."

"She suggests," the Inspector said evenly, "that some time during the performance you slipped out and went to her hotel and stole the necklace."

Stanton shook his head. "That's

a dreadful unjust accusation.”

Now Mei Wong spoke up again: “I attended the opera that same evening. You will remember Grinaldo was in poor voice. Did you think he improved any as the evening went on?”

Tony Stanton looked at him with a strange smile. “Hardly,” he said. “Surely you can’t have forgotten Grinaldo’s understudy replaced him for the second act.”

The old Chinaman looked slightly confused. “Actually, I did for the moment. Please forgive an old man’s failing memory.” And he glanced across at the Inspector.

He could tell by the Inspector’s expression that Bannerjee understood. He had merely been attempting to catch up the young man. Hoping he would not know about the replacement and thus proving he had not been in the theater for the second half of the opera. But his ruse had failed.

Inspector Bannerjee shrugged: “We don’t seem to be getting anywhere.”

Mei Wong glanced at June Ratcliffe’s troubled face and then at the smiling Tony Stanton. He spoke again: “Actually I am not fond of Grinaldo but I thought his understudy spoiled the show. His voice was fair but his appearance was quite unsuited to the part! It was no role for a short, fat Greek!”

Tony Stanton nodded with a superior air. “I agree. I have no use for that type on or off stage.”

There was a moment of silence in the room. Only Tony Stanton seemed startled by the sudden hush. He

glanced uncomfortably at the other three. Mei Wong and the Inspector exchanged knowing looks and there was an air of expectation about June Ratcliffe.

Mei Wong addressed himself sternly to the young man: “I’m afraid your prejudice has caught you up. You have proved you were not in the theater to see the replacement. Otherwise you’d have known he was a tall, thin Frenchman.” He paused. “Racial hatred, like the other varieties, invariably acts as a boomerang. Yours enabled me to catch you off guard.” ■ ■

Report on Overseas Laymen’s Institutes

Duncan MacBryde, secretary of the Committee on American Laymen Overseas, 475 Riverside Dr., New York, N.Y. 10027, conducted late last year Overseas Laymen’s Institutes in Bangkok, New Delhi, and Beirut. He points out that there are 1,860,000 of our fellow countrymen living and working overseas; and these small group sessions helped in a meager way the building of bridges of understanding. Dr. MacBryde encourages more such institutes not to discover so-called “answers” or “sets of rules” but the sharing of genuine concern, encounter of persons of diverse backgrounds, and reasoning together in translating insights into action.

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 5, 6, 8, Redwood Empire Assn.; page 19, Seth Muse; page 21, NBC; pages 37-41, Wally E. Schulz; page 59, U.S. Army; pages 60, 61, U.S. Navy.

"Just Plain Orner!"

By Roy M. Terry

More oddballs needed—of the right kind

DR. WILSON CHEEK of the World Council of Christian Education said to a group of chaplains, "In previous days, people were shaped by inner forces; but today we are shaped, guided, and directed by forces outside ourselves."

The Apostle Paul was following somewhat the same train of thought when he advised: "Do not be conformed to this world but be transformed by the renewal of your mind, that you may prove what is the will of God, what is good and acceptable and perfect" (Rom. 12:2). Paul was emphasizing the inner forces that ought to control our lives, yet were being so readily overpowered.

A church recently warned its members to cease merely trying to be popular, but rather if necessary take the unpopular stand which often must be taken in the name of God's eternal truths.

Our day is a day of mass production, of regimentation, and of con-

formity. Fads and styles affect our daily activities. The teen-ager, with his Beatles and other questionable heroes, is no more guilty than we of mature years, though we like to single him out.

We create the manufactured man, the organization man, the establishment man.

A writer with some alarm says we have not only the man in the "gray flannel suit" but also the man with the "gray flannel mouth."

We copy manners, we too often lose ourselves in the world of neutrality and we worship at the throne of "the average."

From my days as a student pastor I recall an old Scotch janitor. He never seemed to get ruffled even though a hundred pressing demands were made upon him. He expressed the secret of his success to me one day very simply when he said "I put my brain in neutral and go where I'm pushed!" How often we

do just that and forget basic convictions and ideals.

Dr. Joseph Wood Krutch declares that "we are losing sight of absolutes. We've taken curve grading over into morality. It is no longer how good a man I ought to be, but rather how good men actually are."

If we are no better or worse than the crowd about us then we feel that we can sit back and relax.

We lose sight of the absolutes of God and soon lose ourselves in the surging mass of humanity.

Yet God wants us to be ourselves. There is a natural demand for individuality in our world. No two blades of grass, no two snowflakes are exactly alike.

Johnny was asked by his teacher what was here today that was not here fifty years ago. His answer was "me." It is true God makes us distinctive personalities; to lose them or submerge them in the shapeless mass of the mob is a sin and a failure to live up to our God-given capabilities.

AMBASSADOR Adlai Stevenson in addressing a group of college women told them to dare to be different. He told them that we need more idiosyncratics, unpredictables, and just plain ornery folk, and advised them to fight off tribal conformity.

Truly, God expects us to stick to our guns, to be ourselves, to do with conviction the jobs that must be done in this world of ours.

Probably the greatest need for us to be rugged individualists is in the spiritual and moral areas of life. Our

real problems, personal and social, are in those areas today. Recall Paul's words, "Do not be conformed." The fear of being out of step is no greater anywhere than when we must face up to a problem with a moral and spiritual conviction that may be out of step with the norms of our society.

If we are to face up to reality, we as Christians must realize that there are times when we shall have to stand alone and in terms of the world's flip, casual observation, be "ornery."

It is often a fact that there will be times when there will be very few about you standing for what is "absolutely" right in terms of the teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The latest figures on church membership in our nation indicate that our churches have more than one hundred million members.

At first, this is cause for elation and rightly so, yet I must also face the statistic that this only represents 55.8 percent of our population today.

When I break this percentage down into what the Archbishop of Canterbury called "consecrated Christians" and "amiable non-entities" it probably would tell quite a story. If we are to stand solidly on our Christian principles then this may force us to be quite different from others on our base, or ship, or in our barracks or squadron.

But we can find strength in Paul's reminder, for he positively emphasizes the transformation and strength we can find when we allow God's power to renew our minds.

We are challenged to open our minds to God, to rededicate them continually to his will and way. In so doing we shall be directed by inner forces and not what Madison Avenue, the man at the next desk, next bunk, next table or the crowd may say. Then we shall know what the will of God is for us, and be able to make our own decisions as to what is good and perfect and acceptable. For the Christian, there must be a detachment from the crowd and its movement to critically note its priorities so that our scale of the importance of things may be in accord with Christ's scale of the things of importance.

As Christians, we may well join our fellows in the many fads and styles of our day but when it comes to an expression of our spiritual and moral obligations, then in light of the world's oft relative standards, we must at times be different, call it ornery if you will.

We are not suggesting that we be fanatics or crackpots, but we are saying that in true adherence to the words of Paul, we be guided by inner convictions rather than external conventions.

Let us not be conformed but let us be transformed by a constant renewal of allegiance to the highest and best that we know as Christians, the revelation of God's will in the life of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In that renewal we shall continually witness to our belief in Almighty God, our source of wisdom, strength, and hope that stretches into eternity.

If those around us cannot subscribe to such a belief and choose

to cast their allegiance at the feet of the false gods of materialism, humanism, nationalism, and many others, then we must be different and even parade our difference to the point of being ornery in declaring our belief.

If others do service to our God indifferently, fail to seek him out in his chosen institution, his holy universal church, then we must be different for Sunday is still the Lord's day and on it he expects us to worship him in spirit and truth.

If others interpret God's moral laws so that truth, purity, and brotherhood are purely relative things then we must be ornery.

I RECALL a significant quotation, "The next time you congratulate yourself on being broad-minded look again; it may just be your conscience stretching." We do that, don't we, in rationalizing our behavior.

So we may love our brothers on the other side of the iron and bamboo curtains but we can abhor and detest their philosophy of life and do our best to defend the free world against its evil inroads into our way of life.

We cannot subscribe to double standards. What is good and honorable and clean for a man's wife is likewise so for him. What is truth for a child is truth for an adult. What is right and brotherly for me and my neighbor does not change when the new neighbor differs from me in race, nation, or creed. We are no less children of God.

Recall the 55.8 percent of our

population in the church. Is this not a reflection of the society in which we live? Only a bare majority of our total population are affiliated with God's church.

If we earnestly open our minds and hearts to God's will and word so that we may make correct decisions and stand for the right things, then there will be times when we shall have to stand alone. Surely we will not find it possible to conform or subscribe to those things which exist in our society which degrade body, mind, and soul.

Yet a glance at the history of the Christian church will show that this has always been the lot of the Christian who truly lives by his faith. One guided by the inner forces of the strength of God and not the external pressures of men.

Our Lord indicated that men would very often revile and ridicule and persecute those who preached and lived by the gospel.

Walking in the way of discipleship today, we shall have our crosses which must be borne. Walking in that way of discipleship we may be different, some may even call us ornery but in spite of all, we shall be doing our part to make the true spirit of Christ more evident in our uncertain, confused, and often distressingly neutral world.

Be not conformed, my friends, but be transformed so that this day you will know what God's will is for you. So that this day you will know what is genuinely good and acceptable and perfect. ■ ■

Daily Bible Readings

JUNE

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	John	2
2	Titus	1
3	Titus	2
4	Titus	3
5	Acts	1
6 Pentecost	Acts	2:1-21
7	Acts	2:22-47
8	Acts	3
9	Acts	4
10	Acts	5
11	Acts	6
12	Acts	7
13 Sunday	Acts	8
14	Acts	9
15	Acts	10
16	Acts	11
17	Acts	12
18	Acts	13
19	Acts	14
20 Sunday	Acts	15
21	Acts	16
22	Acts	17
23	Acts	18
24	Acts	19
25	Acts	20
26	Acts	21
27 Sunday	Acts	22
28	Acts	23
29	Acts	24
30	Acts	25

Tripped

When I retired they gave me luggage
To take a trip by air.
Wish they'd known what I really
wanted

Was just a rocking chair.

—Eva Kraus

Steps to Greatness

By David W. Plank

Take a look at David's strong points

I WELL remember the wise counsel of a distinguished churchman given to me during my senior year in college: "Always keep your finger in the biography of a great man. Great lives teach great lessons." I've tried to do this. And one of my favorite biographies is that of David.

At about the age of thirty, David, although not of royal lineage, became the king of Israel, a small nation but a significant one. At that time God's chosen people were still fighting against the Philistines; and David led in this fight.

From David's background one would never guess that he was destined for greatness. His ancestors certainly contributed nothing to his meteoric rise. His grandfather consorted with prostitutes; his aunt was a sometime woman of the streets; his father was just an ordinary sheep rancher of little if any political influence. Not one member of his family was noted for heroism.

David himself showed no outstanding traits which would recommend him to succeed to the throne of Israel. As the youngest of eight brothers it was his chore to tend his father's sheep. He was of average build and appearance. A Hollywood casting agent would hardly have chosen this lad to play the role of king.

Thus it was not because of David's family background or his own achievements that he was chosen king. There was but one reason: "For man looks on outward appearances, but God looks on the heart" (1 Sam. 16:7). As the candidates for the throne were being examined, God said of David, "This is he." Just what were the qualities which God might have recognized in David which commended him for kingship and greatness?

In the first place, *David was courageous*. One day as he was tending his father's sheep, he was dispatched

to carry food to his brothers who were soldiers in the Israelite Army, which was about to go into battle against the hated Philistines. When David arrived, the two opposing armies were nervously awaiting the signal for hostilities to begin. As David spoke with his brothers, he was interrupted by the roar of Goliath which came like a crescendo up from the valley lying between the two armies. This giant professional soldier, thirteen feet tall, topping the scales at about five hundred pounds, and armed to the teeth, taunted the Israelites with these words: "Choose you a man and let him come down to me. I defy the Army of Israel. Send me a man that we may fight." The Israelite soldiers were terribly frightened by this man and his invitation to suicide. Some fled. Others were too scared to move.

But not David. When he heard this chilling challenge, he became indignant. "Who is this Philistine that he should defy the armies of the living God?" he asked. And off he went in search of King Saul, the commanding general, that he might volunteer to fight the giant. The king wisely perceived heroism in the making and entrusted the single combat to him. Armed with a sling-shot and five smooth stones, David literally ran to meet his fearsome foe. And a comic scene it must have been as David audaciously pitted sling and stone against the spear and shield of a giant. But hear the outcome: "So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and a stone—and killed him."

Indeed, David had great courage,

both physical and moral, that quality which stands first among the cardinal virtues according to Sir Winston Churchill. Courage is an absolute prerequisite for greatness—courage to say yes to every legitimate challenge and no to every evil temptation. We must cling to righteous principles and avoid at all cost the low road to expediency. We will rise to greatness only if in moments of moral testing and crisis we can speak as did William Lloyd Garrison, the nineteenth-century anti-slavery leader: "I am in earnest, I will not equivocate, I will not retreat a single inch, I will be heard."

Secondly, *David was kind*. On one occasion, David fled for his life to the hill country when King Saul in anger sought to kill him. When his whereabouts became known, we read that "every one who was in distress, and every one who was in debt, and every one who was discontented, gathered to him" (2 Sam. 22:2). David's kindly nature attracted those in distress.

On still another occasion, David showed mercy toward Saul's grandson, Mephibosheth, for he was crippled in both feet. His heart went out to him, and he arranged for Mephibosheth to eat all his meals in the royal palace, and to be attended by thirty-five servants. On his deathbed David counseled his son Solomon, "Show kindness."

The late senator, Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, once said that kindness is the primary key to success. Cervantes in *Don Quixote* said that "only great persons are able to show great kindness." Let us resolve to

be a little kinder, a little blinder to the faults of those around us. We should praise more and criticize less.

Thirdly, *David had great faith in God*—he took God seriously. As David approached Goliath, he said, “Thou comest to me with a sword and a spear and with a javelin. But I come to thee in the name of the Lord. This day the Lord will deliver thee into my hand and I will smite thee.” This is indeed faith—unquenchable faith in God’s sufficiency and power. Martin Luther expressed this thought in the words of one of his greatest hymns: “A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing.”

Time and again we read that David sought wisdom and guidance and success from God: “And David inquired of the Lord.” If we aspire to greatness, we must include God in our life, in our plans, and take him into our confidence and partnership. We must seek his face, learn

his ways, perform his commandments, obey his Word. As did David, so must we speak to God, then listen to his answer, and finally obey his instructions.

Sacred history records that David had success in all his undertakings, because the world was with him. And that “David’s heart was perfect before God . . . for David had turned not aside from anything which God had commanded him all the days of his life” (1 Kings 15:5). David’s dying words to his son Solomon were, “Keep the charge of the Lord your God, walking in his ways, and keeping his . . . commandments” (1 Kings 2:2).

If you desire greatness in life, not mediocrity, then do as David did: be a man of great courage, great kindness, and great faith in God. Love him, serve him, obey him. If you do, your biography may very well read like David’s.



“Your heart, pulse, blood pressure and liver are all okay; but that’s not putting any gas in my car, so let’s keep looking. We’ll find something wrong.” (Cartoon by Atkins.)

Lift Up Your Heart

What does your anxiety do? It does not empty tomorrow of its sorrows; but it empties today of its strength. It does not make you escape from evil, but it makes you unfit to cope with it when it comes. It does not bless tomorrow, it robs today.—*Alexander Maclaren*.

God is not the absolute alone at the far end of Bethel ladders and Babel towers but he is central in the stream of life and love and truth and beauty.—*Rufus Jones*.

Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten.—*James Russell Lowell*.

Christianity does not need more advocates, it needs more witnesses.—*Henry Drummond*.

Years ago a journalist was watching a missionary in China cleansing gangrenous sores. The journalist said: "I wouldn't do that for a million dollars." The missionary commented: "Neither would I." But what she would not do for money she did for love. "The love of Christ constrains us. . . ."

I would be sorry to deaden what is so soon to die.—*Robert Frost*.

At the tomb of General "Chinese" Gordon of British military fame in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is this inscription: "General 'Chinese' Gordon: Who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his sympathy to the suffering, his substance to the poor, his heart to God."

Mother and God with a little help from father can make anything out of anybody at any time.—*Edward Tralle*.

Life is rich as we fill it with beautiful things to remember.

Patrick Henry wrote in his will: "I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had this, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; but if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS

Down Where the People Are

Three young Protestant pastors in Cologne, Germany, have left their pulpits for several months to become assembly line workers in an auto factory in order to understand working men's problems. They are: The Rev. Martin Priol, the Rev. Heinrich Hulser, and the Rev. Eberhard Karlen.

Bibles in the U.S.A.

Although 18 million copies of the Holy Scriptures were distributed in the United States in 1963, and distribution more than doubled in the past five years, 50 million Americans are without a Bible . . . The entire King James Version of the Bible is now recorded for use by the blind on 67 records playing at 16 $\frac{2}{3}$ revolutions per minute. For information write The American Bible Society, 450 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

Gifts to Other Countries Through CROP

CROP (the community appeal program of Church World Service) made shipments of grain, meat, beans, milk, clothing and other commodities of 5,143,303 pounds to thirty-one countries in 1964. Indiana led all states in giving through CROP, with gifts totaling over \$207,000. Illinois was second with \$193,343, followed by Kansas, Iowa, and Ohio . . . Included in the ship-

ments were 2,111,873 pounds of protein-rich beans to sixteen countries. Rice was a major item for shipment to Asian countries.

Graham in Hawaii

Over 65,000 turned out to hear Evangelist Billy Graham in an eight-day crusade in Hawaii, Feb. 14-21, where less than 10 percent of the population profess Christianity. Two voices protested—the assistant professor of religion at the University of Hawaii who said that Graham

Part of the Protestant Youth of the Chapel being entertained by General Weyend, Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. Back row, L-R: Mrs. J. Elliott; Susan Ingham, Junior Hi pres.; Carolyn Johnson, Senior Hi pres.; Mrs. Weyend; General Weyend; Mrs. DeSaegher; Nancy Weyend; Jon Slovenski and Chaplain (Capt) John A. DeSaegher (advisor) in front.





Lt Edward E. Jayne, CHC, USN, conducts a Protestant worship service on helicopter landing on Kahoolawe Island for Seabees deployed there from U.S. Naval Mobile Construction Battalion Three, stationed on Guam.

preached a "happiness religion and reinforced religious prejudice"; and a Unitarian minister who said the effect of the Crusade would be a side-stepping of social reform. However, a Jewish Rabbi came to Graham's defense. Though not agreeing with Graham's theology, he said he respected Dr. Graham because "he has a theology, and religion without theology is irrelevant." Inquirers who came forward for counseling during the Crusade numbered 2,907.

Safety Standards for Automobiles

Senator Ralph Yarborough and Senator Gaylord Nelson have intro-

duced legislation in Congress calling on all car manufacturers to apply the minimum safety standards for all cars manufactured for, sold, or shipped in interstate commerce now required for the 60,000 Federally purchased automobiles. These requirements include shoulder harnesses; doors which stay closed in a crash; and collapsible steering wheels.

The senators pointed out that in the period 1900-1964, 576,268 Americans were killed in wars, while 1,501,000 were killed in traffic accidents on the streets and highways—a three-to-one ratio.

Dr. Niemoeller on White and Non-White Worlds

Christianity provides the "last hope for a peaceful rapprochement" between the white and non-white worlds, the Rev. Dr. Martin Niemoeller told delegates of the General Board of the National Council of Churches early this year. "No one has yet shown the way to bridge the gap between the white and non-white worlds. We cannot even see that any genuine effort is being made to get rid of this fateful and threatening condition."

World Day of Prayer

World Day of Prayer services, held the first Friday in March, were conducted in military chapels around the world. As a sample, in Munich, Germany, at the Perlacher Forst

Chapel the PWOC arranged a service which was conducted simultaneously in English and German. Chaplain (Capt.) Richard R. Tupy led the English part; and the Rev. Pfarrer Wilhelm Geyer led the German.

The Upper Room in German

According to the Editor, the Rev. Dr. J. Manning Potts, a new edition of *The Upper Room* is now available in the German language. It is named *Wegweiser*, meaning *Signpost*.

The Increasing Old Folks

Every 20 seconds one American turns 65. That's 180 an hour, 5,000 a day, 1.5 million a year. Today nearly 18 million men and women in the U.S. are over 65. By the year 2000 the number will be more than 32 million.

Filipino Youth Choir of the Olongapo Methodist Church sang aboard the USS *Hancock* on Laymen's Sunday in January, 1965. LCDR Wendell R. Begg, CHC, USN, planned the program which gave recognition to lay people who have assisted in the religious program aboard ship.



The Link Calendar

MONTHLY EMPHASES FOR JUNE:

Arts and Crafts. To stimulate and develop interest in arts and crafts.

Barbecue. To stimulate an appetite for outdoor cooking.

Dairy. Oh, the goodness of dairy foods! Milk, ice cream, and the like!

National Recreation. Enjoy the recreations that build up! In which you participate! Make sure it is *re*-creation not *wreck*-creation!

- June 2-9.** General Synod, Reformed Church in America. Buck Hill Falls, Pa.
- June 3.** Jefferson Davis' birthday. 1803-1889.
- June 4.** Old Maid's Day. To honor all bachelor girls for the good they have done for parents, sisters, brothers, and many relatives and friends.
- June 5-12.** Let's Play Golf Week.
- June 6.** Whitsunday or Pentecost. 7th Sunday after Easter. Commemorates descent of the Holy Spirit—50 days after Easter.
- June 6-13.** National Humor Week. Tell a good story, have a laugh, enjoy living.
- June 11.** Kamehameha Day. Hawaii. Honors 18th century Hawaiian king, first to rule over the islands. He was King Kamehameha I.
- June 12.** Partial eclipse of the moon—through 13th.
- June 13.** Trinity Sunday. In honor of our God who is Three-in-One, Father, Son and Holy Spirit.
- June 14.** National Flag Day. Display the flag. Honor it. Inculcate the real meaning of true Americanism.
- June 14-20.** Little League Week. Public recognition sought for this international youth movement.
- June 15 through Labor Day.** Washington, D.C. Summer Jubilee.
- June 20.** Father's Day. Also second Sunday after Pentecost.
- June 21.** Summer begins.
- June 21-27.** Swim for Health Week.
- June 22-27.** Annual Conference, Church of the Brethren. Ocean Grove, N.J.
- June 24.** Midsummer Festival. Or Mitsommer Fest. Switzerland.
- June 24—July 6.** Race Relations Institute. Nashville, Tenn.
- June 27—July 3.** 102nd Anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg.
- June 27.** Second Sunday after Trinity.
- June 29—July 6.** Fifth General Synod, United Church of Christ, Chicago, Ill.

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK, you will find four articles prepared not only for individual reading but also for group discussion and for help to lay leaders who prepare sermons or talks.

1. Love Songs in the Bible (page 10)

Bible Material: Song of Solomon: 1:1—8:14

What makes a work of art? How does the Song of Solomon qualify? How is true love manifested? The author says that sex can be either a stepping stone to love or a descent into bestiality. Do you agree? How does integrity and completeness in the home spread out to other places?

2. Luke: Good Traveling Companion (page 24)

Bible Material: Colossians 4:14; Philemon 1:23, 24; 2 Timothy 4:11

How do we know Luke was a teamworker? How important is teamwork in the world today? in the church today? Do you think it would be easy to work with Paul? Why or why not? What makes a good traveling companion?

3. Discipleship and Possessions (page 32)

Bible Material: Matthew 6:19-24

What should be done about a world divided between “haves” and “have nots”? If you had a million dollars, how would you spend it? What did Jesus teach about possessions? Why do possessions mature one man and spoil another?

4. The Home-Wrecking Business (page 43)

Bible Material: Matthew 5:27-32

What did Jesus teach about divorce? Our author points out that there are in America 1,000 divorces daily. Why do you think this is so? How could we reduce this figure? What causes divorce?

What ought to be done before marriage in the way of pre-marital training? What can homemakers do to insure against home-wrecking? What is the relation of alcohol and home-wrecking? What is the meaning of the phrase in the marriage vow—“forsaking all others”?

Books Are Friendly Things

Harriet Beecher Stowe: The Known and the Unknown by Edward Wagenknecht. Oxford University Press. 417 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. 1965. \$6.00.

Harriet Beecher Stowe is known principally as the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Lincoln spoke of her as "the little lady who made this big war." Critics have differed as to her writing ability; some place her among the great, others among the very mediocre. What kind of a woman was she? Mr. Wagenknecht, Professor of English at Boston University, is most concerned about this latter question. He devotes his skill to an interpretation of Mrs. Stowe's personality and her life as a woman—a daughter, a wife, a mother. An excellent "psychograph" which makes use of new material no other biographer has used.

Introducing Old Testament Theology by J. N. Schofield. Westminster Press, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa. 19107. 1965. \$2.75.

The theology of the Old Testament flows out into the faiths of two religions—Judaism and Christianity—that have greatly influenced western civilization. What is this theology and why did the Hebrews preserve these particular writings? The author brings keen insight as he seeks to answer these questions. "The Bible is the record of the living experiences of a living people in contact with a living God." After a brief survey of the contents of the Old Testament, Dr. Schofield outlines what he has to say under four headings: The God Who Acts, the God Who Speaks, God's Kinship with Man and the Glory of God.

After Death, What? by William B. Ward. John Knox Press, Box 1176, Richmond, Va. 23209. 1965. \$1.00.

Is there a life after death? What is the meaning of death for the Christian? What follows death? Who are the redeemed, the lost? What about hell? The return of Christ? The author gives help on all these questions and points out that one's belief about the future life determines to a great extent how one lives on earth.

Churchill. In Memoriam. By the Staff of the *New York Times*. Bantam Books, 271 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. 1965. 75 cents.

An account of the funeral of Winston Churchill. A biographical sketch, a selection of excellent photographs and some of Churchill's wit and wisdom—these make up this memorial edition. Here are just a few of the witty and wise sayings recorded:

"A fanatic is one who can't change his mind and won't change the subject."

"Socialism is the philosophy of failure, the creed of ignorance and the gospel of envy."

"War, which used to be cruel and magnificent, is now cruel and squalid."

"Short words are best and the old words when short are best of all."

One of My Favorites

As I am a chaplain's assistant here at Fort Dix, I have at my disposal a huge library of Christian literature. THE LINK is one of my favorite magazines and many times I have found occasion to use material or ideas for discussions and debates here at the chapel.

—PFC Horace L. Lamb, Chapel #4, 2nd Training Reg., Fort Dix, N.Y. 08640

New Subscriber

Enclosed please find \$2.50 for a year's subscription to THE LINK. I enjoy reading your magazine so very much.

—Alexander Crawford, SDC, USS *Uvalde* (AKA-88), FPO New York, N.Y.

Change of Address

I wish to change my address. I continue to find your magazine a blessing.

—Flt Lt L. D. Knight, #36 Squadron, RAAF Base, Richmond 1W, NSW, Australia.

Thanks So Much

Thank you so much for your time (reading the letter and making correction on address) and for your wonderful magazine.

—Mrs. L. A. Gillikin, 7 S. Broadway, Forest City, N.C.

Shares Her LINK

The LINK is read and enjoyed every month, then I send it on to a young ministerial student who thinks it is the most helpful magazine he gets.

—Sallie M. Bacon, 1 Walker Place, Walker AFB, New Mexico.

Error Corrected

In the up-dated paragraph ("Builder with Basketball and Bible," Feb. LINK, page 52), an error occurs. The Japanese Olympians did *not* go *outside* Japan with the VV team. . . . An Olympic team would not go on tour in competing countries. The facts are: (1) The Japanese Olympic Committee invited the Venture for Victory team to tour Japan with its Olympic basketball team and hold clinics as training for participation in the October games. (2) The Japanese Olympic team did not leave its own shores. (3) VV went on to Korea, Formosa, the Philippines and Hong Kong with its customary program, which included meeting the Olympic teams of those countries also.

—Mrs. H. O. Stout, 352 W. Plum, Albany, Ind. 47320.

Provocative Articles

I do appreciate the very provocative articles contained in THE LINK.

—Harold De Roo, Reformed Church in America, New York, N. Y.
(A.F. 15687604)

At Ease!



"Yes, there is something you can do for me before I leave. Can I borrow your Diners' Club Card?"

Consumer (to head waiter): "Just as a matter of curiosity, did the waiter who took my order leave any family?"—*Watchman-Examiner*.

A salesman entered the office of a large importing and exporting firm and told the young stenographer that he would like to see her employer.

"He's out to lunch," she informed him.

"Will he be back after lunch?" the salesman then asked.

"No, sir," was the young lady's emphatic reply. "That's what he's gone out after."—*F. G. Kernan*.

Doctor to patient: "Let me know if this prescription works. I'm having the same trouble myself."—*Scandal Sheet*.

One of Adlai Stevenson's favorite religious stories is about the daughter of a famous clergyman who was busy with her crayons and whose mother asked her whose picture she was drawing. "God's," she answered.

"But, my dear, nobody knows how He looks," her mother admonished. Whereupon the child answered, "They will when I'm finished."—Leon A. Harris in *The Fine Art of Political Wit*.

For the third straight time, the little boy had brought home a terrible report card. After reading it with a shudder, the lad's father signed it with an "X."

"Why did you do that?" the boy asked.

"I don't want the teacher to think that anyone with marks like that has a father who can read and write."—Grace Branchville in *Family Weekly*.

A nine-year-old Sunday school youngster was the only one in his class who responded when the teacher asked who knew the story of Jonah. After his accurate summary, the teacher complimented him on being the only student who had read the Bible lesson that week.

Painfully honest, the boy corrected the teacher. "I didn't read it in the Bible," he explained, "it was on a bubble gum wrapper."—*Capper's Weekly*.





